

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## SAINT BRANDAN.

SAINT BRANDAN sails the Northern Main :

The brotherhoods of saints are glad.

He greets them once, he sails again :

So late !—such storms !—The Saint is mad !

He heard across the howling seas

Chime convent bells on wintry nights ;

He saw on spray-swept Hebrides

Twinkle the monastery lights ;

But north, still north, Saint Brandan steer'd :

And now no bells, no convents more !

The hurtling polar lights are near'd ;

The sea without a human shore.

At last—(it was the Christmas night ;

Stars shone after a day of storm)—

He sees float near an iceberg white,

And on it—Christ!—a living form !

That furtive mien—that scowling eye—

Of hair that black and tufted fell—

It is—oh, where shall Brandan fly ?

The traitor Judas, out of hell !

Palsied with terror, Brandan sate ;

The moon was bright, the iceberg near.

He hears a voice sigh humbly, " Wait !

By high permission I am here.

" One moment wait, thou holy man !

On earth my crime, my death, they know :

My name is under all men's ban :

Ah, tell them of my respite too !

" Tell them, one blessed Christmas night—

(It was the first after I came,

Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,

To rue my guilt in endless flame)—

" I felt, as if I in torment lay

'Mid the souls plagu'd by Heavenly Power,

An Angel touch mine arm, and say—

*Go hence and cool thyself an hour !*

" ' Ah, whence this mercy, Lord ? ' I said.

*The leper recollect, said he,*

*Who ask'd the passers-by for aid,*

*In Joppa, and thy charity.*

" Then I remember'd how I went,

In Joppa, through the public street,

One morn, when the sirocco spent

Its storms of dust, with burning heat ;

" And in the street a leper sate,

Shivering with fever, naked, old :

Sand rak'd his sores from heel to pate ;

The hot wind fever'd him fivefold.

" He gaz'd upon me as I pass'd,

And murmur'd, *Help me, or I die!*—

To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,

Saw him look eas'd, and hurried by.

" O Brandan ! Think, what grace divine,

What blessing must true goodness shower,

When semblance of it faint, like mine,

Hath such inalienable power !

" Well-fed, well-cloth'd, well-friended, I  
Did that chance act of good, that one ;  
Then went my way to kill and lie—  
Forgot my deed as soon as done.

" That germ of kindness, in the womb  
Of mercy caught, did not expire :  
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,  
And friends me in the pit of fire.

" Once every year, when carols wake,  
On earth, the Christmas night's repose,  
Arising from the Sinners' Lake,  
I journey to these healing snows.

" I stanch with ice my burning breast,  
With silence balm my whirling brain.  
O Brandan ! to this hour of rest,  
That Joppa leper's ease was pain ! "

Tears started to Saint Brandan's eyes :  
He bow'd his head ; he breath'd a prayer.  
When he look'd up—tenantless lies  
The iceberg in the frosty air !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## GLORY IN THE GRASP OF FRANCE.

BEAUTEOUS France has now a chance

To win immortal glory,

Not by triumph in the dance,

Nor yet by conquest gory.

Let her stand and hold her hand,

With England's linked together,

Leaving Garibaldi's band,

The storm of war to weather.

Soon, would she with us agree,

On strict non-interference,

Of all oppressors Italy

Would make a thorough clearance ;

Soon expel, or quickly quell,

King, kaiser, priest fanatic,

Free, as somebody said well,

From Alps to Adriatic.

Lasting fame Napoleon's name

Would shout with acclamation ;

If he would abjure the game,

So mean, of annexation :

To the end he did pretend

When first the ball he started,

Would he be so good a friend

As not to prove false-hearted.

France for bright ideas to fight

Vaunts herself—to free a

Land enslaved by foreign might

What a fine idea !

If she " fought " for this, nor thought

Of prey, to France all honor ;

Base advantage if she sought,

False Humbug !—out upon her !

—*Punch.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

# CONCERNING THE WORRIES OF LIFE, AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

HERE are the long slips of paper again, covered with thoughts upon the subject you see. For many days that subject has been simmering in the writer's mind; and now he wishes to present to the thoughtful reader certain suggestions, which both reader and writer may perhaps be the better for remembering and acting on. The pages which follow are to be regarded as of the nature of a moral medicine, which I trust may prove at once alterative, anodyne, and tonic. But you are aware, my friend, that when you or any of your family get a little out of sorts, your physician is not content to tell you merely the medicine which you must take; he tells you with equal particularity the way in which you are to take it. The vial does not come home from the druggist's bearing simply the legend that it is steel, laudanum, or ether. *That* is all very well, but it is not sufficient. Upon careful inspection you will discover a further inscription, setting forth how many drops you are to imbibe at once, and how frequently and at what seasons of the day you are to repeat the imbibition. Suffer me to exercise a similar prerogative with regard to the medicinal gum which I offer to the wearied and worried mind. And in addition to the title of my essay, which is *Concerning the Worries of Life, and how to Meet them*, let me write what in my case is analogous to the doctor's *For Mrs. Smith: Fifteen drops to be taken at bedtime*, in the following direction: *For Thoughtful People: To be read quietly, leisurely, and slowly, and when alone.*

For, as you know, physical medicines may be taken at such times and in such ways that they shall do no good whatsoever. And I am well aware that this essay, like all the other essays which this hand has written for *Fraser*, may have a similar fate. It may be read by the wrong people; it may be read at the wrong time and place. By the wrong people; by people whom it will merely serve to irritate and annoy: by men whose nervous system is so rudely vigorous that they will despise alike the little worries I describe, and the little remedies I suggest for them. I am acquainted with human beings to whom I should no more think of offering one of these essays, than I should think of walking into Mr. Smith's stable, and reading it to the horses that run in his drag. This is said, God knows, in no supercilious spirit: it is not that I believe such persons either worse or better than me: only I know that they are quite *different* from me. But I am not so much afraid of my essays getting into the hands of the wrong people;

for the man who feels at once that he has no sympathy at all with their writer will speedily throw them aside; and as for his opinion of them, *that* is neither here nor there. The thing I mainly dread is, that the people for whom I write should read these pages in the wrong way. An immense deal depends in the case of quiet and not brilliant writing, which yet cost some thought, upon the surroundings amid which it is read. And the essay-writer, as he traces his successive lines, has in his mind's eye some ideal reader reading his essay in some ideal place and time. But in his calculation in these respects, the essayist is no doubt often sadly mistaken. Here is a great advantage which one has in writing a sermon, as compared with writing an essay. In writing your sermon you have your congregation before your mental view. You have before you the time and the place where it is to be preached. You see the church: you remember the pulpit: you picture to yourself the faces and aspect of the congregation: you instinctively recognize the hour of the day at which you will give out your text and begin your discourse: you maintain intuitively and involuntarily a certain keeping between what you write, and all these attendant circumstances. But the essayist writes for people he has never seen; who will read his essay in chambers unknown to him: in comfortable easy-chairs by warm fires: on stiff chairs with no arms in cold corners: in lonely lodgings: amid a great shouting of little children: with the accompaniment of a stupid old woman talking on in a husky voice: with their hard hats on their heads in the reading-rooms of Royal Exchanges, Athenæums, and Philosophical Institutions; in a great hurry, and standing: quite leisurely, and reclining: beside a window that looks out on evergreens and roses: beside a window, seldom cleaned, that commands a slushy street, depressing with its brown, half-melted snow. How can you adapt yourself to all these different people and their different circumstances? The material which suits one will not suit the rest. The essay suited to be read after dinner will not do for reading after breakfast. That which is intended for a man, resting and pensive, when the day's work is over, would be most incompatible with the few minutes for which the busy, energetic man takes up the magazine at 9.50 A.M., while waiting for the conveyance which is to come at 10, and convey him to his office or his chambers. And so it is at the present time, I desire not only to provide the written pages, but to explain where and when they are to be read: not only to provide the medicine, but to say how it is to be made use of. Let it then be understood that this essay is to be read in the evening,

in the leisurely hour of a thoughtful person, after the day's toil is over, and when there is nothing more to look forward to in the way of work. Sit down, my friend, in an easy-chair by the fireside: feel that you have plenty of time: then let these pages be read in quiet.

Let me explain why I say so much of the external circumstances which I hold to be absolutely essential to the proper reading of this essay, and of many which have gone before it. One day in the month of January of this year, I went to a certain large institution in a certain great city, where newspapers and periodicals are provided for the amusement and instruction of many hundreds of readers. I think I see it yet, the great, lofty, vaulted chamber, where scores of newspapers were extended on frames, and scores more lay on tables; while many readers roved from printed sheet to printed sheet, like the bee from flower to flower; and many more, silent and intent, were going eagerly at the paper which they held most dear. I see it yet, the magazine-room, where there lay on certain tables copies of every monthly and quarterly published in Britain, a vast array. And there, not, as in my humble dwelling, a cherished and solitary guest, but only a unit in a multitude, it lay, sad-colored externally, but radiant within with intellectual and moral brightness, the MAGAZINE ON FRASEL, SUITABLE ALIKE FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TOWN. Advancing as towards a friend, I seized the periodical, and carelessly turned over its leaves amid that hum of men, and that slamming of opening and shutting doors. At length my eye rested on a certain article. It is unnecessary to specify what the article was about; let it suffice to say that its title began with *Concerning*; that modest word to which no reviewer has hitherto done justice, which hints that though the essay may say various things about a subject, it does not pretend to exhaust the subject, but leaves a vast deal more to say. With much satisfaction I perceived that the pages which bore that article were remarkably dirty. Indeed, I do not think I ever saw dirtier pages: and by a subtle process of ratiocination, I arrived at the conviction that those dirty pages must have been pressed by many hands, while the lines they bore were read by many eyes. My first emotion was one of exultation. I am a popular author, thought I to myself! And considering that hardly any of my neighbors know that I ever wrote for the press, and that my nearest relations seldom take the trouble of perusing my articles, the extreme novelty of the reflection produced a pardonable elation. But other thoughts followed. I felt the influence of

the scene. A subdued buzz filled the air: people were constantly coming in and going out: and moving from place to place: every one had his hat on, and of course every one's head was uncomfortable. There were no easy-chairs on which to lean back and read: people were sitting on forms, leaning forward on tables, and reading in that posture. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock A.M.; and one felt that the day's task of work was yet to do. And when, under all these impressions, I turned over the leaves, I declare I did not recognize my own article. It seemed thoroughly out of keeping with every thing there. I could not understand it, or follow it, or sympathize with it, in that feverish, hurried atmosphere. It was a faintly flavored thing, that had no chance by the side of short, thrilling, exciting tales, in this and that clever periodical. How the pages ever got dirty, I cannot imagine; for I know I could not have read them there myself. Do not, friendly reader, try to peruse my essays in such a place. They cannot stand it. Laudanum, suitably applied, is an efficient medicine; but it would produce no effect if rubbed on the palm of the hand. And the writer's essays, which he gladly believes have served some good and kindly ends to many sympathetic though unknown friends, will never serve these ends unless they are read in the fashion on which I have already insisted. Therefore would I (so to speak) label this article or dissertation not simply with its title, but with that further direction which is given on the preceding page. Let me carry my idea to a greater length. I said that most bottles of medicine bear not only the name of their contents, but directions for the use of their contents. This is not so, however, with all. Sometimes, when the medicine has been taken for a long time, it bears only *The Mixture as formerly*. The patient, it is understood, knows so well how to take it, and when, that it is needless to repeat the direction for its use. Let me please myself with the belief that many valued friends, when they discern an essay with the old initials, will know, without telling anew, how it ought to be read. It is *The Mixture as before*. Let it be taken in the old way. And kindly try to put up with a fashion, both in thought and word, which you may truly believe is not intended to be either egotistical or affected.

But now to my proper task. I have certain suggestions to offer *Concerning the Worries of Life, and How to Meet them*. I am quite aware that the reader of a metaphysical turn, after he has read my essay, may be disposed to find fault with its title. The plan which is to be advocated for the treat-



ment of the *Worries of Life*, can only in a modified sense be described as *Meeting them*. You cannot be said to face a thing on which you turn your back. You cannot accurately be described as meeting a man whom you walk away from. You do not, in strictness, regard a thing in any mode or fashion, which you do not regard at all. But, after intense reflection, I could devise no title that set out my subject so well as the present: and so here it is. Perfection is not generally attainable in human doings. It is enough, if things are so, that they *will do*. No doubt this is no excuse for not making them as good as one can. But the fact is, as you get older, you seldom have time to write down any plausible excuse, before you see a crushing answer to it. The man who has thought longest comes back to the point at which the man stands who has hardly thought at all. He feels, more deeply year by year, the truth of the grand axiom, that *Much may be said on Both Sides*.

Now, my reader, you shall have, in a very brief space, the essence of my theory as to the treatment of human worry.

Let us picture to ourselves a man, living in a pleasant home, in the midst of a beautiful country. Pleasing scenes are all around him, wherever he can look. There are evergreens and grass, fields and hedgerows, hills and streams; in the distance the sea, and somewhat nearer, the smoke of a little country town. Now, what would you think of this man, if he utterly refused to look at the cheerful and beautiful prospects which everywhere invite his eye; and spent the whole day gazing intently at the dunghill, and hanging over the pigsty? And all this though his taste were not so peculiar as to lead him to take any pleasure in the contemplation of the pigsty or the dunghill; all this, though he had a more than ordinary dislike to contemplate pigsties or dunghills? No doubt you would say, the man is a monomaniac.

And yet, my reader, don't you know (possibly from your own experience) that in the moral world many men and women do a thing precisely analogous, without ever being suspected of insanity? Don't you know that multitudes of human beings turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and dwell and brood upon its worries? Don't you know that multitudes persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly and almost constantly at painful and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend, in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The blast without is hardly heard through the drawn curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown-up daughters. You feel thankful

that after the bustle of the day, you have this quiet retreat where you may rest, and refit yourself for another day with its bustle. But the conversation goes on. Nothing is talked of but the failings of the servants and the idleness and impudence of your boys; unless indeed it be the supercilious bow with which Mrs. Snooks that afternoon passed your wife, and the fact that the pleasant dinner-party at which you assisted the evening before at Mr. Smith's, has been ascertained to have been one of a second-chop character, his more honored guests having dined on the previous day. Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short, is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest degree. The natural and necessary result follows. An hour, or less, of this discipline brings all parties to a sulky and snappish frame of mind. And instead of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you were disposed to be when you sat down, you find that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself, pass into moody sullen silence, over your books—books which you are not likely for this evening to much appreciate or enjoy. Now, I put it to every sensible reader, whether there be not a great deal too much of this kind of thing. Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together, without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folk who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in: even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around in a hundred directions be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pigsty.

Oh, what a blessing it would be if we human beings could turn away our mind's eye at will, as we can our physical! As we can turn away from an ugly view in the material world, and look at a pleasing one; if we could but do the like in the world of mind! As you turn your back on a dunghill, or a foul, stagnant ditch: if you could so turn your back on your servants' errors, on your children's faults, on the times when you made a fool of yourself, on the occasions when sad disappointment came your way,—in short, upon those prospects which are painful to look back upon! You go to bed, I may assume, every evening. How often, my friend, have you tossed about there, hour after hour, sleepless and fevered, stung by care, sorrow, worry: as your memory per-

sisted in bringing up again a thousand circumstances which you could wish forever forgot: as each sad hour and sad fact came up and stuck its little sting into your heart! I do not suppose that you have led a specially wicked life; I do not write for blackguards; I suppose your life has been innocent on the whole, and your lot prosperous:—I assume no more than the average of petty vexations, mortifications, and worries. You remember how that noble man, Sir Charles Napier, tells us in his *Diary*, that sometimes, when irritated by having discovered some more than usually infamous job or neglect, or stung by a keener than ordinary sense of the rascally injustice which pursued him through life, he tossed about all night in a half-frantic state, shouting, praying, and blaspheming. Now, whether you be a great or a little man, when you lay your head on your thorny pillow, have you not longed oftentimes for the power of resolutely turning the mind's eye in another direction than that which it was so miserable a thing for you to contemplate? We all know, of course, how some, when the mind grew into that persistent habit of looking in only one direction, of harboring only one wretched thought, which is of the essence of madness, have thought, as they could not turn away the mind's eye at will to blindfold the mind (so to speak) altogether: to make sure that it should see nothing at all. By opium, by strong drink, men have endeavored to reduce the mind to pure stupefaction, as their sole chance of peace. And you know too, kindly reader, that even such means have sometimes failed of their sorrowful purpose; and that men have madly flung off the burden of this life, as though thus they could fling off the burden of self and of remembrance.

I have said that it would be an unspeakable blessing if we could as easily turn the eyes away from a moral as from a physical pigsty; and in my belief we may, to a great degree, train ourselves to such a habit. You see, from what I have just said, that I do not think the thing is always or entirely to be done. The only way to forget a thing is to cease to feel any interest in it; and we cannot cheat ourselves into the belief that we feel no interest in a thing which we intensely desire to forget. But though the painful thing do not, at our will, quite die away into nothing, still we may habituate ourselves to look away from it. Only time can make our vexations and worries fade into nothing though we are looking at them: even as only distance in space can make the pigsty disappear, if we retire from it still looking in its direction. But we may turn our back on the pigsty, and so cease to behold it

though it be close at hand. And in like manner, we may get our mind so under control, that in ordinary cases it will answer the rein. We may acquire, by long-continued effort, the power to turn our back upon the worry—that is, in unmetaphoric language, to think something else.

I have often occasion to converse with poor people about their little worries, their cares and trials; and from the ingenious way in which they put them, so as to make them look their very worst, it is sometimes easy to see that the poor man or woman has been brooding for long hours over the painful thing, turning it in all different ways, till the thing has been got into that precise point of view in which it looks its very ugliest. It is like one of those gutta-percha heads, squeezed into its most hideous grin. And I have thought, how long this poor soul must have persisted in looking at nothing but this dreary prospect before finding out so accurately the spot whence it looks most dreary. I might mention one or two amusing instances; but I do not think it would be fair to give the facts, and I could not invent any parallel cases unless by being myself painfully worried. And we all know that, apart from other reasons, it is impolitic to look too long at a disagreeable object, for this reason—that all subjects, pleasing or painful, greatness on our view if we look at them long. They grow much bigger. You can hardly write a sermon (writing it as carefully and well as you can) without being persuaded before you have done with it, that the doctrine or duty you are seeking to enforce is one of the very highest possible importance. You feel this incomparably more strongly when you have finished your discourse than you did when you began it. So with an essay or an article. Half in jest, you chose your subject; half earnestly, you sketched out your plan; but as you carefully write it out, it begins to grow upon you that it would be well for the human race would it but listen to your advice and act upon it. It is so also with our worries, so with all the ills of our lot, so especially with any treachery or injustice with which we may have been treated. You may brood over a little worry till, like the prophet's cloud, it passes from being of the size of a man's hand into something that blackens all the sky, from the horizon to the zenith. You may dwell upon the cruelty and treachery with which you have been used, till the thought of them stings you almost to madness. Who but must feel for the abandoned wife, treated unquestionably with scandalous barbarity, who broods over her wrongs till she can think of nothing else, and can hardly speak or write without attacking her unworthy hus-

band? You may, in a moral sense, look at the pigsty or the open sewer till, wherever you look you shall see nothing save open sewers and pigsties. You may dwell so long on your own care and sorrow, that you shall see only care and sorrow everywhere. Now, don't give in to that if you can help it.

Some one has used you ill—cheated you, misrepresented you. An ugly old woman, partially deaf, and with a remarkably husky voice, has come to your house without any invitation, and notwithstanding the most frigid reception which civility will permit, persists in staying for ten days. You overhear Mr. Snarling informing a stranger that your essays in *Fraser* are mainly characterized by conceit and ill-nature (Mr. Snarling, put on the cap). Your wife and you enter a drawing-room to make a forenoon visit. Miss Limejuice is staying at the house. Your friend, Mr. Smith, drove you down in his drag, which is a remarkably handsome turn-out. And entering the drawing-room somewhat faster than was expected, you surprise Miss Limejuice, still with a malignant grin on her extraordinarily ugly countenance, telegraphing across the room to the lady of the house to come and look at the carriage. In an instant the malignant grin is exchanged for a fawning smile, but not so quickly but that you saw the malignant grin. A man has gone to law with you about a point which appears to you perfectly clear. Now, don't sit down and think over and over again these petty provocations. Exclude them from your mind. Most of them are really too contemptible to be thought of. The noble machinery of your mind, though you be only a commonplace, good-hearted mortal, was made for something better than to grind that wretched grist. And as for greater injuries, don't think of them more than you can help. You will make yourself miserable. You will think the man who cheated or misrepresented you an incarnate demon, while probably he is in the main not so bad, though possessed of an unhappy disposition to tell lies to the prejudice of his acquaintance. Remember that if you could see his conduct, and your own conduct, from his point of view, you might see that there is much to be said even for him. No matter how wrong a man is, he may be able to persuade himself into the honest belief that he is in the right. You may kill an apostle, and think you are doing God service. You may vilify a curate, who is more popular than yourself; and in the process of vilification, you may quote much Scripture and shed many tears. Very, very few offenders see their offence in the precise light in which you do while you condemn it. So resolve that in any complicated case, in which mis-

apprehension is possible, in all cases in which you cannot convict a man of direct falsehood, you shall give him credit for honesty of intention. And as to all these petty offences which have been named—as to most petty mortifications and disappointments—why, turn your back on them. Turn away from the contemplation of Mr. Snarling's criticism as you would turn away from a little stagnant puddle to look at fairer sights. Look in the opposite direction from all Miss Limejuice's doings and sayings, as you would look in the opposite direction from the sole untidy corner of the garden, where the rotten pea-sticks are. As for the graver sorrow, try and think of it no more. Learn its lesson indeed; God sent it to teach you something and to train you somehow; but then try and think of it no more.

But there are mortals who are always raking up unpleasant subjects, because they have a real delight in them. Like the morbid anatomist, they would rather look at a diseased body than a healthy one. Well, in the case of their own lot, let such be indulged. At first, when you find them every time you see them, beginning again the tedious story of all their discomforts and worries, you are disposed to pity them, tedious and uninteresting though the story of their slights and grievances be. Do not throw away pity upon such. They are not suitable objects of charity. They have a real though perverted enjoyment in going over that weary narration. It makes them happy to tell at length how miserable they are. They would rather look at the pigsty than not. Let them. It is all quite right. But unhappily such people, not content themselves to contemplate pigsties, generally are anxious to get their acquaintances to contemplate *their* pigsties too; and as their acquaintances, in most instances, would rather look at a clover-field than a pigsty, such people become companions of the most disagreeable sort. As you are sitting on a fine summer evening on the grass before your door, tranquil, content, full of thankful enjoyment, they are fond (so to speak) of suddenly bringing in a scavenger's cart, and placing it before you, where it will blot out all the pleasant prospect. They will not let you forget the silly thing you said or did, the painful passage in your life on which you wish to shut down the leaf forever. They are always probing the half-healed wound, sticking the knife into the sensitive place. If the view in a hundred directions is beautiful, they will, by instant affinity and necessity of nature, beg you to look at the dunghill, and place the dunghill before you for that purpose. I believe there are many able, sensitive men, who never had a fair chance in life. Their powers have

been crippled, their views embittered, their whole nature soured, by a constant discipline of petty whips and scourges, and little pricking needles, applied (in some cases through pure stolidity and coarseness of nature) by an ill-mated wife. It is only by flying from their own firesides that they can escape the unceasing gadfly, with its petty, irritating, never-ending sting. They live in an atmosphere of pigsty. They cannot lift their eyes but some ugly, petty, contemptible wrong is sure to be crammed upon their aching gaze. And it must be a very sweet and noble nature that years of this training will not embitter. It must be a very great mind that years of this training will fail to render inconceivably petty and little. Oh! woful and miserable to meet a man of fifty or sixty, an educated man, who in this world of great interests and solemn anticipations, can find no subjects to talk of but the neglect of his wealthy neighbor, the extortionate price he is charged for sugar, the carelessness of his man-servant, the flirtations of his maid-servants, the stiffness of Lord Dunderhead when he lately met that empty-pated peer. In what a petty world such a man lives! Under what a low sky he walks: how muggy the atmosphere he breathes!

You remember Mr. Croaker, in Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*. Whenever he saw a number of people cheerful and happy, he always contrived to throw a chill and damp over the circle by wishing, with a ghastly air, that they might all be as well that day six months. I have known many Croakers. I have known men who, if they saw a young fellow quite happy in his lot and his work, hopeful and hearty, would instantly try to suggest something that might make him unhappy; that might pull him down to a congenial gloom. I have known persons who, if they had looked upon a gay circle of sweet, lively girls, rosy and smiling, would have enjoyed extremely to have (in a moral sense) suddenly brought into that fair circle a hearse and a coffin. And I have been filled with fiery indignation, when I knew that such persons, really acting from malignant spite and bitterness to see others happy, would probably have claimed to be acting from religious motives, and doing a Christian duty. The very foundation, and primary axiom, in some men's religious belief, is, that Almighty God is spitefully angry to see his creatures happy. Oh, what a wicked, mischievous lie! God is love. And we know it on the highest of all authorities, that the very first and grandest duty he claims of his creatures, is to love him with heart and soul and strength and mind; not to shrink before him, like whipped slaves before a capricious, sulky tyrant; but to love him and

trust to him as loving children might gather at the kindest parent's knee. I am content to look at a pigsty when needful: God intends that we should oftentimes look at such in the moral world; but God intends that we should look at clover fields and fragrant flowers whenever we can do so without a dereliction of duty. I am quite sure that when the Blessed Redeemer went to the marriage at Cana of Galilee, he did not think it his duty to cast a gloom and a damp over the festive company there. Do not misunderstand me, my spiteful acquaintance. There is a time to mourn, as well as a time to dance; and in this life we shall have quite enough of the former time, without seeking for supererogatory woes. I am not afraid, myself, to look upon the recent grave; I would train my children to sit upon the daisied mound, pensive, but not afraid, as I told them that Christianity has turned the *sepulchrum* into the *κοιμητηριον*,—the *burying-place* into the *sleeping-place*; as I told them how the Christian dead do but sleep for the Great Awakening. But I should not think it right to break in upon their innocent cheer by rushing in and telling them that their coffin would soon be coming, and that their grave was waiting in the churchyard. There are times enough and events enough which will tell them that. Don't let us have Mr. Croaker. And don't let us fancy that by making ourselves miserable, we are doing something pleasing to God. It is not his purpose that we should look at pigsties when we can honestly help it. No doubt, the erroneous belief that God wishes that we should, runs through all religions. India, Persia, Arabia, have known it, no less than Rome, England, Scotland; the fakir, the eremite, the monk, the Covenantanter, have erred together here. The Church of England, and the Church of Scotland, are no more free from the tendency to it, than the Church of Rome; and the grim Puritan, who thought it sinful to smile, was just as far wrong as the starved monastic and the fleshless Brahmin. Every now and then, I preach a sermon against this notion; not that people nowadays will actually scourge and starve themselves; but that they carry with them an inveterate belief that it would be a fine thing if they did. Here is the conclusion of the last sermon; various friendly readers of *Fraser* have sent me fancy specimens of bits of my discourses; let them compare their notion of them with the fact:—

"It shows how all men, everywhere, have been pressed by a common sense of guilt against God, which they thought to expiate by self-inflicted punishment. But we, my friends, know better than *that*. Jesus died for us; Jesus suffered for us; *His* sufferings took away our sins; our own sufferings, how great soever never



could; Christ's sacrifice was all-sufficient; and any penance on our part is just as needless as it would be unavailing. Take, then, brethren, without a scruple or a misgiving, the innocent enjoyment of life. Let your heart beat, gladly and thankfully, by your quiet fireside; and never dream that there is any thing of sinful self-indulgence in that pure delight with which you watch your children's sports, and hear their prattle. Look out upon green spring fields and blossoms, upon summer woods and streams; gladden in the bright sunshine, as well as muse in the softening twilight; and never fancy that though these things cheer you amid the many cares of life, you are falling short of the ideal sketched by that kindly Teacher of self-denial who said, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily!'

Having relieved my feelings by thus stating my resolute protest against what I think one of the most mischievous and wicked errors I ever knew, I proceed to say that although I think nothing can be more foolish than to be always looking at moral pigsties, still the principle cannot be laid down without some restriction. You may, by indulging the disposition to look away from unpleasant prospects, bring your mind to a morbid state: you may become so oversensitive, that you shall shrink away from the very thought of injustice, cruelty, or suffering. I do not suppose selfishness. I am not talking to selfish, heartless persons, who can look on with entire composure at suffering of any sort, provided it do not touch themselves. I am quite content that such should endure all that may befall them, and more. The heart of some men is like an extremely tough beefsteak, which needs an immense deal of beating before it will grow tender. The analogy does not hold entirely; for I believe the very toughest steak may be beaten till it grows tender; or at least the beating will not make it tougher. Whereas the human heart is such, that while in generous natures it learns, by suffering, to feel for the suffering of others, in selfish and sordid natures it becomes only the more selfish and self-contained the more it is called to feel. But I am not speaking to selfish persons. I am thinking of generous, sensitive human beings, to whom the contemplation of injustice and cruelty and falsehood is as painful when these are pressing upon others, as when they are pressing upon themselves. I am thinking of men and women who feel their hearts quicken and their cheeks flush when they read the stupid and unjust verdicts of occasional (must I say frequent?) juries; and the preposterous decisions of London police magistrates now and then. To such, I well believe, the daily reading of the law report in the *Times* is a painful worry; it sets before one so sad a picture of

human sin and folly; and it shows so strongly that human laws labor most vainly to redress the greater part of the evils that press on human life. You remember how once Byron, at Venice, durst not open the *Quarterly Review*; and sent it away after it had been several days in his house, ignorant even whether it contained any notice of him. Of course, this was a purely selfish shrinking; the poet knew that his nature would so wince under the dreadful attack, that he was afraid even to ascertain whether there were any attack at all. Have not you, my reader, from a morbid though more generous sensitiveness, sometimes shrunk from opening the newspaper which day by day reported some iniquitous court-martial, some scandalous trial in the Ecclesiastical Court, revealing human depravity in its foulest manifestation, and setting out and pressing upon your view evils which were practically remediless? And so, thinking of such things, I wish to qualify my great principle, that in the moral world it is wise and right to turn your back upon the pigsty, where practicable. I have thought of two limitations of this principle. The first limitation is this; that however painful it may be to look at unpleasant things, we ought fairly to face them so long as there is any hope of remedying them. The second limitation is this; that however painful it may be to look at unpleasant things, we ought not to train ourselves, by constantly refusing to look at them, to a morbidly shrinking habit of mind. Such a habit, by indulgence, will grow upon us to that degree, that it will unfit us for the rude wear of life. And the moral nature, grown sensitive as the mimosa, will serve as a conductor to convey many a wretched and debilitating pang to the heart.

Let us think of these two limitations of my theory as to the fashion in which the worries of life should be met.

Though it is wise, generally speaking, to look away from painful sights, it is not wise or right to do so while, by facing them, we may hope to mend them. It is not good, like a certain priest and Levite of ancient times, to turn our back on the poor man lying half dead by the wayside; while it is still possible for a Good Samaritan to pour in oil and wine. However unpleasant the sight, however painful the effort, let us look fairly at the worry in our lot, till we have done our best to put it right. It is not the act of wisdom, it is the doing of indolence, selfishness, and cowardice, to turn our back on that which we may remedy or even alleviate by facing it. It is only when no good can come of brooding over the pigsty that I counsel the reader persistently to turn away from it. Many men try to forget some fam-



ily vexation, some neglected duty, some social or political grievance, when they ought manfully to look full at it, to see it in its true dimensions and colors, and to try to mend matters. They cannot truly forget the painful fact. Even when it is not distinctly remembered, a vague, dull, unhappy sense of something amiss will go with them everywhere—all the more unhappy because conscience will tell them they are doing wrong. It is so in small matters as well as great. Your bookcase is all in confusion; the papers in your drawers have got into a sad mess. It is easier, you think, to shut the doors, to lock the drawers, to go away and think of something else, than manfully to face the pigsty and sort it up. Possibly you may do so. If you are a nerveless, cowardly being, you will; but you will not be comfortable though you have turned your back on the pigsty: a gnawing consciousness of the pigsty's existence will go with you wherever you go. Say your affairs have become embarrassed; you are living beyond your means; you are afraid to add up your accounts and ascertain how you stand. Ah, my friend, many a poor man well knows the feeling! Don't give in to it. Fairly face the fact: know the worst. Many a starving widow and orphan, many a pinched family reduced from opulence to sordid shifts, have suffered because the dead father would not while he lived face the truth in regard to his means and affairs! Let not that selfish being quote my essay in support of the course he takes. However complicated and miserable the state of the facts may be—though the pigsty should be like the Augean stable—look fairly at it; see it in its length and breadth; cut off your dinner-parties, sell your horses, kick out the fellows who make a hotel of your house and an ordinary of your table; bring your establishment to what your means can reach, to what will leave enough to insure your life. Don't let your miserable children have to think bitterly of you in your grave. And another respect in which you ought to carry out the same resolute purpose to look the pigsty full in the face is, in regard to your religious views and belief. Don't turn your back upon your doctrinal doubts and difficulties. Go up to them and examine them. Perhaps the ghastly object which looks to you in the twilight like a sheeted ghost, may prove to be no more than a tablecloth hanging upon a hedge; but if you were to pass it distantly without ascertaining what it is, you might carry the shuddering belief that you had seen a disembodied spirit all your days. Some people (very wrongly, as I think) would have you turn the key upon your sceptical difficulties, and look away from the pigsty altogether. From a stupid though

prevalent delusion as to the meaning of *Faith*, they have a vague impression that the less ground you have for your belief, and the more objections you stoutly refuse to see, the more faith you have got. It is a poor theory, that of some worthy divines; it amounts to just this: Christianity is true, and it is proved true by evidence; but for any sake don't examine the evidence, for the more you examine it the less likely you are to believe it. I say, No! Let us see your difficulties and objections; only to define them will cut them down to half their present vague, misty dimensions. I am not afraid of them; for though, after all is said, they continue to be difficulties, I shall show you that difficulties a hundredfold greater stand in the way of the contrary belief; and it is just by weighing opposing difficulties that you can in this world come to any belief, scientific, historical, moral, political. Let me say here that I heartily despise the man who professes a vague scepticism on the strength of difficulties which he has never taken the pains fairly to measure. It is hypocritical pretence when a man professes at the same instant to turn his back upon a prospect, and to be guided by what he discerns in that prospect. But there are men who would like to combine black with white, yes with no. There are men who are always anxious to combine the contradictory enterprises, *How to do a thing*, and *How at the same time not to do it*.

In brief, my limitation is this: Do not refuse to admit distressing thoughts, if any good is to come of admitting them; do not turn your back on the ugly prospect, so long as there is a hope of mending it; don't be like the wrecked sailor, who drinks himself into insensibility, while a hope of rescue remains; don't refuse to worry yourself by thinking what is to become of your children after you are gone, if there be still time to devise some means of providing for them. Look fairly at the blackest view, and go at it bravely if there be the faintest chance of making it brighter.

And, in truth, a great many bad things prove to be not so bad when you fairly look at them. The day seems horribly rainy and stormy when you look out of your library-window; but you wrap up and go out resolutely for a walk, and the day is not so bad. By the time your brisk five miles are finished, you think it rather a fine breezy day, healthful though boisterous. All remediable evils are made a great deal worse by turning your back on them. The skeleton in the closet rattles its bare bones abominably, when you lock the closet-door. Your disorderly drawer of letters and papers was a bugbear for weeks, because you put off sorting it and tried to

forget it. It made you unhappy—vaguely uneasy, as all neglected duties do; yet you thought the trouble of putting it right would be so great that you would rather bear the little gnawing uneasiness. At length you could stand it no more. You determined some day to go at your task and do it. You did it. It was done speedily; it was done easily. You felt a blessed sense of relief, and you wondered that you had made such a painful worry of a thing so simple. By the make of the universe every duty deferred grows in bulk and weight and painful pressure.

It may here be said that when a worry cannot be forgotten, and yet cannot be mended, it is a good thing to try to define it. Measure its exact size. That is sure to make it look smaller. I have great confidence in the power of the pen to give most people clearer ideas than they would have without it. You have a vague sense that in your lot there is a vast number of worries and annoyances. Just sit down, take a large sheet of paper and a pen, and write out a list of all your annoyances and worries. You will be surprised to find how few they are, and how small they look. And if on another sheet of paper you make a list of all the blessings you enjoy, I believe that in most cases you will see reason to feel heartily ashamed of your previous state of discontent. Even should the catalogue of worries not be a brief one, still the killing thing—the vague sense of indefinite magnitude and number—will be gone. Almost all numbers diminish by accurately counting them. A clergyman may honestly believe that there are five hundred people in his church; but unless he be a person accustomed accurately to estimate numbers, you will find on counting that his congregation does not exceed two hundred and fifty. When the Chartist petition was presented to parliament some years ago, it was said to bear the signatures of five or six millions of people. It looked such an immense mass that possibly its promoters were honest in promulgating that belief. But the names were counted, and they amounted to no more than a million and a half. So, thoughtful reader, who fancy yourself torn by a howling pack of worries, count them. You will find them much fewer than you had thought; and the only way to satisfactorily count them is by making a list of them in writing.

Yet here there is a difficulty too. The purpose for which I advise you to make such a list, is to assure yourself that your worries are really not so very many or so very great. But there is hardly any means in this world which may not be worked to the opposite of the contemplated end. And by writing out

and dwelling on the list of your worries, you may make them worse. You may diminish their number, but increase their intensity. You may set out the relations and tendencies of the vexations under which you suffer, of the ill-usage of which you complain, till you whip yourself up to a point of violent indignation. In reading the life of Sir Charles Napier, I think one often sees cause to lament that the great man so chronicled and dwelt upon the petty injustices which he met with from petty men. And when a poor governess writes the story of her indignities recording them with painful accuracy, and putting them in the most unpleasing light, one feels that it would have been better had she not taken up the pen. But indeed these are instances coming under the general principle set out some time since, that irremediable worries are for the most part better forgotten.

So much for the first limitation of my theory for the treatment of worries. The second, you remember, is, that we ought not to give in to the impulse to turn our back upon the ugly prospect to such a degree that any painful sight or thought shall be felt like a mortal stab. You may come to that point of morbid sensitiveness. And I believe that the greatest evil of an extremely retired country life is, that it tends to bring one to that painful shrinking state. You may be afraid to read the *Times*, for the suffering caused you by the contemplation of the irremediable sin and misery of which you read the daily record there. You may come to wish that you could creep away into some quiet corner, where the uproar of human guilt and wretchedness should never be heard again. You may come to sympathize heartily with the weary aspiration of the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove: then would I flee away and be at rest!" Sometimes as you stand in your stable, smoothing down your horse's neck, you may think how quiet and silent a place it is, how free from worry, and wish you had never to go out of the stall. Or when you have been for two or three days ill in bed, the days going on and going down so strangely, you may have thought that you would stay there for the remainder of your life; that you could not muster resolution to set yourself again to the daily worry. You people who cannot understand the state of feeling which I am trying to describe, be thankful for it; but do not doubt that such a state of feeling exists in many minds.

Let me confess, for myself, that for several years past I have been afraid to read a good novel. It is intensely painful to contemplate and realize to one's mind the state of matters set out in most writings of the

class. Apart from the question of not caring for that order of thought (and to me disertation is much more interesting than narrative), don't you shrink from the sight of struggling virtue and triumphant vice, of cruelty, oppression, and successful falsehood? Give us the story that has no exciting action; that moves along without incident transcending the experience of ordinary human beings; that shows us quiet, simple, innocent modes of life, free from the intrusion of the stormy and wicked world around. Don't you begin, as you grow older, to sympathize with that feeling of the poet Beattie, which when younger you laughed at, that Shakspeare's admixture of the grotesque in his serious plays was absolutely necessary to prevent the tragic part from producing an effect too painful for endurance? The poet maintained that Shakspeare was aiming to save those who might witness his plays from a "disordered head or a broken heart." You see there, doubtless, the working of a morbid nervous system; but there is a substratum of truth. Once upon a time, when a man was worried by the evils of his lot, he could hope to escape from them by getting into the world of fiction. But now much fiction is such that you are worse there than ever. I do not think of the grand, romantic, and tremendously melodramatic incidents which one sometimes finds; these do not greatly pain us, because we feel both characters and incidents to be so thoroughly unreal. I do not mind a bit when the hero of *Monte Christo* is flung into the sea in a sack from a cliff some hundreds of feet high; that pains one no more than the straits and misfortunes of *Munchausen*. The wearing thing is to be carried into homely scenes, and shown lifelike characters, bearing and struggling with the worries of life we know so well. We are reminded, only too vividly, of the hard strife of reduced gentility to keep up appearances, of the aging, life-wearing battle with constant care. It is as much wear of heart to look into that picture truthfully set before us by a man or woman of genius, as to look at the sad reality of this world of struggle, privation, and failure. It was just the sight of these that we wished to escape, and lo! there they are again. So one shrinks from the sympathetic reading of a story too truthfully sad. I once read *Vanity Fair*. I would not read it again on any account, any more than one would willingly go through the delirium of a fever, or revive distinctly the circumstances of the occasion on which one acted like a fool. The story was admirable, incomparable; but it was too sadly true. We see quite enough of that sort of thing in actual life: let us not have it again when we seek relief from the

realities of actual life. Once you got into a sunshiny atmosphere where you began to read a work of fiction; or if the light was lurid, it was manifestly the glare of some preparation of sulphur in a scene-shifter's hand. But now, you are often in a doleful gray from the beginning of a story to its end.

It is a great blessing when a man's nature or training is such that he is able to turn away entirely from his work when he desists from actual working, and to shut his eyes to the contemplation of any painful thing when its contemplation ceases to be necessary or useful. There is much in this of native idiosyncrasy, but a good deal may be done by discipline. You may to a certain extent acquire the power to throw off from the mind the burden that is weighing upon it, at all times except the moment during which the burden was actually to be borne. I envy the man who stops his work and instantly forgets it till it is time to begin again. I envy the man who can lay down his pen while writing on some subject that demands all his mental stretch, and go out for a walk, and yet not through all his walk be wrestling with his subject still. Oh! if we could lay down the mind's load as we can lay down the body's! If the mind could sit down and rest for a breathing space, as the body can in climbing a hill! If, as we decidedly stop walking when we cease to walk, we could cease thinking when we intend to cease to think! It was doubtless a great secret of the work which Napoleon did with so little apparent wear that he could fall asleep whenever he chose. Yet even he could not at will look away from the pigsty: no doubt one suddenly pressed itself upon his view on that day when he was sitting alone at dinner, and in a moment sprang up with a furious execration, and kicked over the table, smashing his plates as drunken Scotch weavers sometimes do. Let us do our best to right the wrong; but when we have done our best, and go to something else, let us quite forget the wrong: it will do no good to remember it now. It is long-continued wear that kills. We can do and bear a vast deal if we have blinks of intermission of bearing and doing. But the mind of some men is on the stretch from the moment they begin a task till they end it. Slightly and rapidly as you may run over this essay, it was never half an hour out of the writer's waking thoughts from the writing of the first line to the writing of the last. I have known those who when busied with any work, legal, literary, theological, parochial, domestic, hardly ever consciously ceased from it; but were, as Mr. Bailey has expressed it, "about it, lashing at it day and night." The swell continued though the

wind had gone down; the wheels spun round though the steam was shut off. Let me say here (I say it for myself), that apart entirely from any consideration of the religious sanctions which hallow a certain day of the seven, it appears to me that its value is literally and really inestimable to the over-worked and worried man, if it be kept sacred, not merely from worldly work, but from the intrusion of worldly cares and thoughts. The thing can be done, my friend. As the last hour of Saturday strikes, the burden may fall from the mind: the pack of worries may be whipped off; and you may feel that you have entered on a purer, freer, happier life, which will last for four-and-twenty hours. I am a Scotchman, and a Scotch clergyman, and I hold views regarding the Sunday with which I know that some of my most esteemed readers do not sympathize; but I believe, for myself, that a strict resolution to preserve the Lord's day sacred (in no Puritanical sense), would lengthen many a valuable life; would preserve the spring of many a noble mind; would hold off in some cases the approaches of imbecility or insanity.

I do not forget, in urging the expediency of training the mind to turn away from worries which it will do no good to continue to look at, that any thing evil or painful has a peculiar power to attract and compel attention to it. A little bad thing bulks larger on the mind's view than a big good thing. It persistently pushes its ugly face upon our notice. You cannot forget that you have a bad toothache, though it be only one little nerve that is in torment and all the rest of the body is at ease. And some little deformity of person, some little worry in your domestic arrangements, keeps always intruding itself, and defying you to forget or overlook it. If the pigsty already referred to be placed in the middle of the pretty lawn before your door, it will blot out all the landscape: you will see nothing save the pigsty. Evil has the advantage of good in many ways. It not merely detracts from good; it neutralizes it all. I think it is Paley who says that the evils of life supply no just argument against the divine benevolence; inasmuch as when weighed against the blessings of life, the latter turn the scale. It is as if you gave a man five hundred a-year, and then took away from him one hundred: this would amount virtually to giving him a clear four hundred a-year. It always struck me that the case put is not analogous to the fact. The four hundred a-year left would lose no part of their marketable value when the one hundred was taken away. The fact is rather as if you gave a man a large jug of pure water, and then cast into it a few drops of black-

draught. That little infusion of senna would render the entire water nauseous. No doubt there might be fifty times as much pure water as vile senna: but the vile senna would spoil the whole. Even such is the influence of evil in this system of things. It does not simply diminish the quantity of good to be enjoyed: to a great degree it destroys the enjoyment of the whole of the good. Good carries weight in the race with evil. It has not a fair start, nor a fair field. Don't you know, reader, that it needs careful, constant training to give a child a good education; and possibly you may not succeed in giving the good education after all: while no care at all suffices to give a bad education: and a bad education is generally successful. So in the physical world. No field runs to wheat. If a farmer wants a crop of good grain, he must work hard to get it. But he has only to neglect his field and do nothing, and he will have weeds enough. The whole system of things in this world tends in favor of evil rather than of good. But happily, my friend, we know the reason why. And we know that a day is coming which will set these things right.

I trust I have made sufficiently plain the precise error against which this essay is directed. The thing with which I find fault is that querulous, discontented, unhappy disposition which sits down and broods over disagreeables, and worries: not with the view of mending them, nor of bracing the moral nature by the sight of them: but simply for the sake of harping upon that tedious string:—of making yourself miserable, and making all who come near you miserable too. There are people into whose houses you cannot go, without being sickened by the long catalogue of all their slights and worries. It is a wretched and contemptible thing to be always hawking about one's griefs, in the hope of exciting commiseration. Let people be assured that their best friends will grow wearied of hearing of their worries: let people be assured that the pity which is accorded them will be in most cases mingled with something of contempt. There are men and women who have a wonderful scent for a grievance. If you are showing them your garden, and there be one untidy corner, they will go straight to that and point it out with mournful elation, and forget all the rest of the trim expanse. If there be one mortifying circumstance in an otherwise successful and happy lot, they will be always reminding you of that. You write a book. Twenty favorable reviews of it appear, and two unfavorable: Mr. Snarling arrives after breakfast, sure as fate, with the two unfavorable reviews in his pocket. You are cheerful and contented with your lot and your house: Mr.



Snarling never misses an opportunity of pointing out to you the dulness of your situation, the inconvenience of your dwelling, the inferiority of the place you hold in life to what you might *à priori* have anticipated. You are quite light-hearted when Mr. Snarling enters; but when he goes, you cannot help feeling a good deal depressed. The blackest side of things has been pressed on your notice during his stay. I do not think this is entirely the result of malice. It is ignorance of the right way to face little worries. The man has got a habit of looking only at the dunghill. Would that he could learn better sense!

Let me here remark a certain confusion which exists in the minds of many. I have known persons who prided themselves on their ability to inflict pain on others. They thought it a proof of power. And no doubt to scarify a man as Luther and Milton did, as Croker, Lockhart, and Macaulay did, is a proof of power. But sometimes people inflict pain on others simply by making themselves disgusting; and to do this is no proof of power. No doubt you may severely pain a refined and cultivated man or woman by revolting vulgarity of language and manner. You may, Mrs. Bouncer, embitter your poor governess' life by your coarse, petty tyranny; and you may infuriate your servants by talking at them before strangers at table. But let me remind you that there is a dignified and an undignified way of inflicting pain. There are what may be called the active and the passive ways. You may inflict annoyance as a viper does; or you may inflict annoyance as a dunghill does. Some men (sharp critics belong to this class) are like the viper. They actively give pain. You are afraid of *them*. Others again are like a dunghill. They are merely passively offensive. You are disgusted at these. Now the viperish man may perhaps be proud of his power of stinging; but the dunghill man has no reason earthly to be proud of his power of stinking. It is just that he is an offensive object, and men would rather get out of his way. Yet I have heard a blockhead boast how he had driven away a refined gentleman from a certain club. No doubt he did. The gentleman never could go there without the blockhead offensively revolting him. The blockhead told the story with pride. Other blockheads listened and expressed their admiration of his cleverness. I looked in the blockhead's face, and inwardly said, O you human dunghill! Think of a filthy sewer boasting, "Ah, I can drive most people away from me!"

To the dunghill class many men belong. Such, generally, are those who will never heartily say any thing pleasant; but who

are always ready to drop hints of what they think will be disagreeable for you to hear. Such are the men who will walk round your garden, when you show it to them in the innocent pride of your heart: and after having accomplished the circuit, will shrug their shoulders, snuff the air, and say nothing. Such are the men who will call upon an old gentleman, and incidentally mention that they were present the other Sunday when his son preached his first sermon, but say no kindly word as to the figure made by the youthful divine. Such are the men who, when you show them your fine new church, will walk round it hurriedly, say, carelessly, "Very nice;" and begin to talk earnestly upon topics not connected with ecclesiastical architecture. And such, as a general rule, are all the envious race, who will never cordially praise any thing done by others, and who turn green with envy and jealousy if they even hear others speak of a third party in words of cordial praise. Such men are for the most part underbred, and always of third or fourth-rate talent. A really able man heartily speaks well of the talent that rivals or eclipses his own. He does so through the necessity of a noble and magnanimous nature. And a gentleman will generally do as much, through the influence of a training which makes the best of the best features in the character of man. It warms one's heart to hear a great and illustrious author speak of a young one who is struggling up the slope. But it is a sorry thing to hear Mr. Snarling upon the same subject.

I have sometimes wondered whether what is commonly called *coolness* in human beings is the result of a remarkable power of looking away from things which it is not thought desirable to see; or of a still more remarkable power of looking at disagreeable things and not minding. You remember somewhere in the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, we are told of a certain joyous dinner-party at his house in Castle Street. Of all the gay party there was none so gay as a certain West Country baronet. Yet in his pocket he had a letter containing a challenge which he had accepted; and next morning early he was off to the duel in which he was killed. Now, there must have been a woful worry gnawing at the clever man's heart, you would say. How did he take it so coolly? Did he really forget for the time the risk that lay before him? Or did he look fairly at it, yet not care? He was a kind-hearted man as well as a brave one: surely, he must have been able, through the jovial evening, to look quite away from the possibility of a distracted widow, and young children left fatherless. Sometimes this coolness appears in base and sordid forms: it is then the result



of obtuseness of nature,—of pure lack of discernment and feeling. People thus qualified are able with entire composure to do things which others could not do to save their lives. Such are the people who constitute a class which is an insufferable nuisance of civilized society,—the class of uninvited and unwelcome guests. I am thinking of people who will without any invitation push themselves and their baggage into the house of a man who is almost a stranger to them; and in spite of the studied presentation of the cold shoulder, and in spite of every civil hint that their presence is most unwelcome, make themselves quite at home for so long as it suits them to remain. I have heard of people who would come, to the number of three or four, to the house of a poor gentleman to whom every shilling was a consideration; and without invitation remain for four, six, ten weeks at a stretch. I have heard of people who would not only come uninvited to stay at a small house, but bring with them some ugly individual whom its host had never seen, and possibly a mangy dog in addition. And such folk with great freedom drink the wine, little used by that plain household, and hospitably press the ugly individual to drink it freely too. I declare there is something that approaches the sublime in the intensity of such folk's stolidity. They *will not* see that they are not wanted. They jauntily make themselves quite at home. If they get so many weeks' board and lodging, they don't care how unpleasantly it is given. They will write for your carriage to meet them at the railway station, as if they were ordering a hackney-coach. This subject, however, is too large to be taken up here: it must have an entire essay to itself. But probably my reader will agree with me in thinking that people may possess in an excessive degree the valuable power of looking away from what they don't wish to see.

And yet—and yet—do you not feel that it is merely by turning our mind's eye away from many thoughts which are only too intrusive, that you can hope to enjoy much peace or quiet in such a world as this? How could you feel any relish for the comforts of your own cheerful lot if you did not forget the wretchedness, anxiety, and want which enter into the pinched and poverty-stricken lot of others? You do not like, when you lay yourself down at night on your quiet bed, to think of the poor wretch in the condemned cell of the town five miles off, who will meet his violent death to-morrow in the dismal drizzling dawn. Some, I verily believe, will not sympathize with the feeling. There are persons, I believe, who could go on quite comfortably with their dinner with a starving beggar standing outside the window

and watching each morsel they ate with famished eyes. Perhaps there are some who would enjoy their dinner all the better; and to that class would belong (if, indeed, he be not a pure, dense, unmitigated, unimprovable blockhead, who did not understand or feel the force of what he said) that man who lately preached a sermon in which he stated that a great part of the happiness of heaven would consist in looking down complacently on the torments of hell, and enjoying the contrast! What an idea must that man have had of the vile, heartless selfishness of a soul in bliss! No. For myself, though holding humbly all that the Church believes and the Bible teaches, I say that if there be a mystery hard of explanation, it is how the happy spirit can be happy even *There*, though missing from its side those who in this life were dearest. You remember the sublime prayer of Aquinas—a prayer for Satan himself. You remember the gush of kindness which made Burns express a like sorrow even for the dark father of evil: "I'm wae to think upon yon den, Even for your sake!" No. The day *may* come when it will not grieve us to contemplate misery which is intolerable and irremediable; but this will be because we shall then have gained such clear and right views of all things, that we shall see things as they appear to God, and then doubtless see that all he does is right. But we may be well assured that it will not be the selfish satisfaction of contrasting our own happiness with that misery which will enable us to contemplate it with complacency: it will be a humble submission of our own will to the One Will that is always wise and right. Yet you remember, reader, how one of the profoundest and acutest of living theologians is fain to have recourse, in the case of this saddest of all sad thoughts, to the same relief which I have counselled for life's little worries—oh, how little when we think of this! Archbishop Whately, in treating of this great difficulty, suggests the idea that in a higher state the soul may have the power of as decidedly turning the thoughts away from a painful subject as we now have of turning the eyes away from a disagreeable sight.

I thought of these things this afternoon in a gay and stirring scene. It was a frozen lake of considerable extent, lying in a beautiful valley, at the foot of a majestic hill. The lake was covered with people, all in a state of high enjoyment: scores of skaters were flying about, and there was a roaring of curling-stones like the distant thunder that was heard by Rip van Winkle. The sky was blue and sunshiny; the air crisp and clear; the cliffs, slopes, and fields around were fair with untrodden snow; but still one

could not quite exclude the recollection that this brisk frost, so bracing and exhilarating to us, is the cause of great suffering to multitudes. The frost causes most outdoor work to cease. No building, no fieldwork, can go forward, and so the frost cuts off the bread from many hungry mouths; and fireless rooms and thin garments are no defence against this bitter chill. Well, you would never be cheerful at all but for the blessed gift of occasional forgetfulness! Those who have seen things too accurately as they are, have always been sorrowful even when unsoured men. Here, you man (one of six or seven eager parties with chairs and gimlets), put on my skates. Don't bore that hole in

the heel of the boot too deep; you may penetrate to something more sensitive than leather. Screw in; buckle the straps, but not too tight; and now we are on our feet, with the delightful sense of freedom to fly about in any direction with almost the smooth swiftness of a bird. Come, my friend, let us be off round the lake, with long strokes, steadily, and not too fast. We may not be quite like Sidney's Arcadian shepherd-boy, piping as if he never would grow old; yet let us be like kindly skaters, forgetting, in the exhilarating exercise that quickens the pulse and flushes the cheek, that there are such things as evil and worry in this world!

A. K. H. B.

**COLORING OF ADULTERATED WINES.**—Although many experiments have been instituted by chemists for the detection of the coloring matters employed in adulterated wines, so as to be able to distinguish the true from the false, no very positive results have yet been arrived at, because the color of genuine wine itself changes with age, and because the same colors can be imitated by various substances, all of which possess nearly the same elements when analyzed.

It is believed that some of the cheap claret wines contain alum and sulphuric acid, and the chemist Lassaigne has lately called attention to the addition of about 0.33 per cent of sulphuric acid which he had detected (but with some difficulty) in French clarets. An easy method of detecting alum, acids, logwood, cider, tannin, and other mixtures used in the adulteration of wines is a great desideratum; chemists have not yet made the discovery.—*Scientific American*.

**DEADENING WALLS AND CEILINGS.**—Men of ingenuity, lend us your ears. There is no greater nuisance in modern houses than that of the transmission of sound through parti-walls. Any practical, inexpensive, and efficient means of deadening sound will be a great boon. Solid walls and solid floors transmit sound in the highest degree. The Metropolitan Building Act provides that all parti-wall shall be solid and of a certain thickness in proportion to height and length. How is the evil to be overcome? "For eight years," writes a studious friend to us, "I have occupied a house in London; and, during the whole of this time, there have been neighbors having young families. They are musical, and, I must confess, labor most industriously at the scales; morning, noon, and night one or other child howls and strums, apparently without making any progress." There is no objec-

tion to neighbors' children learning music and singing—quite the reverse; but it is most objectionable that walls should so readily transmit sound, and render the ladies' efforts so widely known. Some persons always take a corner house, so as to be free from such nuisance on one side at least. Is there no remedy? The late Mr. Cubbitt had some trouble at Balmoral with certain floors, and remembered in taking down an old palace floor (many years before), vast quantities of cockle-shells fell out from betwixt the joists. These had been used in plugging. The idea was acted upon. Cockles were dredged, and brought; the shells were cleaned and dried, and used, with beneficial effect. The cellular spaces thus produced absorbed sound. Some highly cellular texture may be applied to walls, ceilings, and floors, which shall resist fire and ordinary decay, allow of finish, and yet deaden sound. Who is to invent and introduce such materials? They may patent the invention and make a fortune, if they will only abate the existing nuisance, and enable us to have solid parti-walls and fireproof floors without being compelled to hear what is going on up-stairs and in the next house.—*The Builder*.

SOME observations of a singular character have lately been made upon the growth of that remarkable and useful production of the east, the bamboo. A plant in the Royal Botanical Gardens of Edinburgh, grew, under a temperature of from 65° to 70°, six inches daily—a specimen of the *Bambusa gigantea* of Burmah, which ranks as the monarch of the species, increased eighteen inches in twenty-four hours. The *Bambusa tulda* of Bengal attains its full height of seventy feet in about a month, thus growing at the astonishing rate of an inch an hour.

From The Christian Observer.  
**THEODORE PARKER AND THE OXFORD  
 ESSAYISTS.\***

1. *Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister.* London. Whitfield. 1860.
2. *Essays and Reviews.* London. Parker and Son. 1860. (Second Notice.)

A MAN of some note has recently been taken from the world. Theodore Parker,—“the celebrated,” according to some,—“the notorious,” according to others,—died at Florence in the month of May, 1860. His last injunctions were characteristic. He was to be carried to the grave and interred in silence, without service, prayer, exhortation, or eulogy,—a Unitarian minister merely reading over his grave the first eleven verses of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel. These instructions were obeyed; and we thus part with a remarkable man; not silently, however, for he himself has imposed a duty upon us. Shortly before his departure, he remitted, to his late congregation in Boston, N. E., a long letter, of the nature of an autobiography—an “experience,” which has just been re-published in England, and on which it will be our duty to make some remarks.

Theodore Parker was, in a peculiar sense and in an unusual degree, what his friend Emerson calls “a representative man.” Coming forth, about twenty years ago, an unknown youth, from a New England village, he became, before his death, the foremost man, the prophet and leader of the “New Theology,”—of that system which is more accurately described as the philosophical infidelity of our day. This is true of him to a greater degree than even his followers would like to confess. He was a bold, outspoken man, and fearlessly uttered, with unhesitating speech, doctrines which numbers of his less courageous followers in their hearts believe, but which they fear to avow. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, in England, some of them ordained ministers of our church,—others, pastors of dissenting congregations,—who hold in substance what Theodore Parker held, but who could not easily be brought to acknowledge such a participation. Their positions in life, the obligations into which they have entered, and the painful consequences which would be likely to follow an honest profession, are circumstances which abundantly account for, if they do not justify, this concealment of the extent of their unbelief. One notable

instance of this kind will presently come under our notice. But, first of all, we must give a brief sketch of the history of Theodore Parker.

He appears to have been the son of a New England farmer, and to have been born about the year 1810; his “relatives and neighbors, all hard-working people, living in one of the most laborious communities in the world.” (P. 6.) He was, he tells us, “born and bred among Unitarians.” (P. 9.) His father's “strong, discriminating, and comprehensive mind encouraged his original fondness for scientific and metaphysical thought.” (P. 6.) Meanwhile, the coldness and deadness of the religious atmosphere around him acted injuriously on an active, energetic, and enthusiastic mind. He says, that “the notorious dullness of the Sunday services, their mechanical character, the poverty and insignificance of the sermons, the unnaturalness and uncertainty of the doctrines preached, the lifelessness of the public prayers, and the consequent heedlessness or the congregation, all tended to turn a young man off from becoming a minister.” (P. 7.)

The slavery, too, in which the voluntary system holds the ministry, disgusted him. An anecdote related by him, has a pungent meaning. “Do you think our minister would dare tell his audience of their actual faults?”—so a rough blacksmith once asked me in my youth. “Certainly I do!” was the boyish answer. “Humph!” rejoined the smith, “I should like to have him begin, then!”—P. 7.

To a penetrating, masculine intellect, too, and a mind not yet inured to controversial immoralities, the “unnaturalness” and unreality of the Unitarian theology was likely to prove exceedingly repulsive. Theodore Parker afterwards said, in his *Discourse on Religion*, that “If the Athanasian Creed, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Bull Unigenitus, could be found in a Greek manuscript, and be proved to be the work of an inspired apostle, no doubt Unitarianism would explain all three, and deny that they taught the doctrine of the Trinity or the fall of man!”—P. 357.

At the outset of life, then, the characters and circumstances of Thomas Scott and of Theodore Parker were nearly alike. Both had parents of masculine and penetrating intellects; both were bemired in the Socinian slough. But, as Bunyan shows us at the beginning of his story,—one man gets out of the mire on the heavenward side, another on the earthward. Thomas Scott was led by the Divine Spirit onward and upward; while poor Theodore Parker was repelled by Unitarianism, and fell backward into positive infidelity. He describes, in the narra-

\* It seems almost necessary to copy this conclusion of the article in *The Living Age*, No. 844. We hope that every denomination incidentally touched by the reviewer, will bear its share as well as we bear the attack upon the Church of England.]

tive now before us, how he first got rid of "the ghastly doctrine of eternal damnation and a wrathful God,"—then, of the doctrine of the Trinity,—then, of "a belief in the supernatural birth of Jesus of Nazareth,"—then, of the miracles of the Old and New Testament;—"some were clearly impossible, others ridiculous, and a few were wicked." Next, "he had no belief in the plenary, infallible, verbal inspiration of the whole Bible, and strong doubts as to the miraculous inspiration of any part of it." (P. 11.) Such was the opening of his life, before he went into a theological school. Here he began more and more to study the subject, and disliking law as a profession, began to set himself to find out, that he might afterwards teach, a religion of his own fashioning.

And the result, he tells us, of long and assiduous study carried him just as far as the second chapter of the epistle to the Romans. He says:—

"I found certain great primal intuitions of Human Nature.

"1. The instinctive intuition of the Divine,—the consciousness that there is a God.

"2. The instinctive intuition of the Just and Right; a consciousness that there is a moral law, independent of our will, which we ought to keep.

"3. The instinctive intuition of the Immortal; a consciousness that the essential element of man, the principle of individuality, never dies."—P. 15.

Now these great immutable principles, to which, he tells us, the intuitions of human nature bear witness, are all placed by St. Paul at the opening of his argument. They are plainly and broadly stated,—1. Romans i. 19, 20; 2. Romans ii. 14, 15; 3. Romans ii. 5-9.

But what right had poor Theodore Parker to stop here? What right had he to shut his eyes to another "intuition of human nature," which met his gaze at every turn? Whether he studied the histories of ages and nations long since gone by, or the thoughts and feelings of man in a state of heathenism now, how could he avoid seeing, except by resolving not to see, the prevalence of an "intuition" in all ages, and in all parts of the earth,—that man was a sinner; that God was an offended God; and that a propitiation was needed, to make peace between the two?

Or, supposing that he had, by the most violent strain upon his conscience, resolved to ascribe all this to "priestcraft," what right had he to drop out of his system altogether, the great, all-important fact of *Sin* itself, now defiling all parts of God's earth with blood and tears, and to leave the future consequences, and the possibility of a cure or extirpation of this grand evil, wholly out of

view? What should we say of a physician, called to the absolute government of a vast lunatic asylum, who proceeded to deal with the inmates without the least reference to their mental disorders; or of a governor who set to work to clear his prisons, from mere good-nature, without remembering that the inmates were thieves and murderers? Yet neither of these irrational persons would commit a greater absurdity than the man who could speak or think of mankind, without taking the least notice of the existence of Sin! But on this point we shall presently have to remark more at length.

Having thus discovered for himself, as a creed of his own, that first step to truth which St. Paul places at the beginning of his argument, but which stops short of a solution of the grand problem, poor Theodore Parker resolved to go no further. His "intuition of the just and right" was to serve him for a religion. And it was not long before he gave the most potent proof of the lamentable insufficiency of this new rule.

With "conscience," or "the intuition of the just and right," for his guide, he began to assail the faith and doctrine of nine-tenths of the professedly Christian world, in the following fashion: He told his hearers, that

"The Protestant minister, on the authority of an anonymous Greek book" (meaning the New Testament) "will believe, or at least command others to believe, that man is born totally depraved, and that God will perpetually slaughter men in hell by the million, *though they had committed no fault*, except that of not believing an absurd doctrine they had never heard of."—P. 31.

Thus, this professedly honest and sincere inquirer, who had resolved at last to enthroned conscience, or "the instinctive intuition of the just and right," as the alone arbiter of his faith, lost no time in showing us the real value of this his chosen guide. He had never heard this doctrine, as stated above, preached by any living man. He had never read it in any existing or forgotten book. No such doctrine ever had been preached or promulgated, by any human being. Yet this professed follower of "conscience" finds no difficulty in writing down, revising, and committing to the press, this *wicked falsehood*; even in a book which was composed with the open grave immediately in view! He thus does us one important service. He shows us what sort of a religion, what sort of a code of morals, the admirers of "the instinctive intuition of the just and right" would substitute, in lieu of God's revealed and written law.

Theodore Parker knew full well, at the very moment when he was penning this calumny, that the doctrine actually held by those "Protestant ministers" whom he was



describing, was simply that doctrine which was set forth by St. Paul, in the same opening of the epistle to the Romans to which we have already referred: namely, that—

"God will render to every man according to his deeds: to them, who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life; but, to them who do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile: but glory, honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."

And, as to those who have "never heard of" the gospel, the same record is equally explicit. "Those who have sinned without law, shall also perish without law,"—"their conscience bearing witness" to the justice of their punishment, they having had "the work of the law written in their hearts," and so standing "guilty before God."

A man who had thus outgrown his teachers, and who derided as drivellers the very Unitarian doctors who had brought him up, was not likely to want opponents and angry accusers. In fact, it seems to have been as much his policy "to say strong things," and thus to become notorious and obnoxious; as it is the policy of his followers amongst ourselves, to be prudent, and to let their sentiments escape only gradually, and in cautiously framed language. The result was, that Theodore Parker soon became a noted man. He tells us, that "Unbeliever, Infidel, and Atheist," were the titles bestowed upon me by my brothers in the Christian ministry." He had removed, from a little village charge at Roxbury, into Boston; but, he adds, "so low was our reputation, that of all the unoccupied halls in Boston, only one could be hired for our purpose, though payment was offered in advance." (P. 43.) And, "there was but one considerable publishing-house in the land that would issue my works, and this only at my own cost and risk." (P. 60.) "I had been reported to the people as a disturber of the public peace, an infidel, an atheist, an enemy to mankind. When I was to lecture in a little town, the minister, even the Unitarian, commonly stayed at home. Many warned their followers against listening to 'that bad man.' Others stoutly preached against me." (P. 64.)

Such was Theodore Parker in Boston, New England, from 1845 till 1859. In this last year, he was laid aside by consumption, and in the spring of the present year he died. The chief interest which attaches to his character is that which we have already indicated. He was not the founder or originator of a sect of unbelievers; but that peculiar caste

of unbelief which is now so rife in the nominally Christian church, seemed to find in him its "representative man." A vast throng of sceptical ideas were let loose upon the world all at once; and many men took up, some one, some another; but Theodore Parker presented, in himself, the epitome and summary of them all.

We have been forcibly struck with this fact, while reading, during the last few weeks, the *Essays and Reviews*, of which we spoke last month, and then *The Experience of Theodore Parker*. In the first of these volumes, we found the modern rationalistic infidelity set forth by seven men of some note, each of whom had taken up one branch of the subject for separate discussion. But when, immediately afterwards, we read Theodore Parker's dying legacy, we there found all the scepticism of the former seven writers flowing from a single pen. The *identity*, however, was remarkable; and it was the more so, inasmuch as from the time and place of publication, it was impossible that the seven essayists could have read Theodore Parker's little book, or that he could have read theirs. Hence, when we find the same views, and thoughts, and language in both, we know that it is a widely spread moral pestilence that is before us.

A single instance, however, of this unconscious identity must be excepted, because the passage appeared in Mr. Parker's *Discourse* some years back, and may have been read by Dr. Rowland Williams. In that *Discourse*, published some nine or ten years since, Mr. Parker had said:—

"Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians, or Mahometans, but is co-extensive with the race. Minos and Moses, David and Pindar, Leibnitz and Paul, receive into their various forms the one spirit from God most high. This inspiration is limited to no sect, age, or nation. It is wide as the world, and common as God."—P. 161, 171.

In the same tone, in the *Essays and Reviews*, Dr. Rowland Williams tells us that,—

"The sacred writers acknowledge themselves men of like passions with ourselves, and we are promised illumination from the spirit which dwelt in them." "We should define inspiration consistently with the facts of Scripture, and of human nature. These would neither exclude the idea of fallibility among Israelites of old, nor teach us to quench the spirit in true hearts forever." "But if any one prefers thinking the sacred writers passionless machines, and calling Luther and Milton 'uninspired,' let him co-operate in researches," etc.—P. 78.

Here we have the very same doctrine flowing from two pens—the one, that of a man



from whom the very Socinians of New England shrank in dismay; the other, that of the "Vice-Principal of St. David's College!"

But we must proceed to show the identity of which we have spoken, between the seven essayists and poor Theodore Parker, by some passages taken from their book and from

his book, premising, as we have already done, that he never could have seen their *Essays*, nor they his *Experience*. Our selections shall be ranged in parallel columns, setting the English writers over against the similar extracts taken from the American volume.

### 1.—*The Education of the World, or the Development of the Human Race.*

THEODORE PARKER.

"I have tried to show a unity of life in the human race; pointing out the progressive development of mankind, from the state of ignorance, poverty, and utter nakedness of soul and sense, the primitive condition of the race, up to the present civilization of the leading nations. The primitive is a wild man, who gradually grows up to civilization. Of course, it must have required many a thousand years for Divine Providence to bring this child from his mute, naked, ignorant poverty, up to the many-voiced, many-colored civilization of these times. . . . In the history of art, science, war, industry, do I find proof of time immense, wherein man has been assuming his present condition, and accumulating that wealth of things and thoughts which is the mark of civilization. . . . But this progressive development does not end with us; we have seen only the beginning; the future triumphs of the race must be vastly greater than all accomplished yet."—Parker's *Experience*, pp. 47-49.

MESSRS. TEMPLE, JOWETT, ETC.

"Man cannot be considered as an individual. He is, in reality, only man by virtue of his being a member of the human race. . . . We may expect to find, in the history of man, each successive age incorporating into itself the substance of the preceding. . . . Each generation receives the benefit of the cultivation of that which preceded it. Not in knowledge only, but in development of powers, the child of twelve now stands at the level where once stood the child of fourteen,—where ages ago stood the full-grown man. The discipline of manners, of temper, of thought, of feeling, is transmitted from generation to generation; and at each transmission there is an imperceptible but unfailing increase. . . . The whole period from the closing of the Old Testament to the close of the New was the period of the world's youth,—the age of examples; and our Lord's presence was not the only influence of that kind which has acted upon the human race. Three companions were appointed by Providence to give their society to this creature whom God was educating: Greece, Rome, and the Early Church."—*Essays and Reviews*, Pp. 2, 4, 26.

### 2.—*The Bible subordinate, not supreme.*

THEODORE PARKER.

"As a *Master*, the Bible were a tyrant; as a *Help*, I have not time to tell its worth."—Parker, p. 99.

"It has been the maxim of almost every sect in Christendom, that the mass of men, in religious matters, must be ruled with authority; that is, by *outward force*;—this principle belongs to the idea of a supernatural revelation; the people cannot determine for themselves what is true, moral, religious; their opinions must be made for them by supernatural authority; not by them through the normal use of their higher faculties."—Parker, p. 33.

MESSRS. TEMPLE, JOWETT, ETC.

"The Bible is hindered by its form from exercising a despotism over the human spirit; if it could do that, it would become an *outer law* at once; but its form is so admirably adapted to our need, that it wins from us all the reverence of a supreme authority, and yet imposes on us no yoke of subjection. . . . This it does by virtue of the principle of private judgment, which puts conscience between us and the Bible; making conscience the *supreme interpreter*," etc.—*Essays and Reviews*, p. 45.

### 3.—*The Bible not infallible, but often erroneous.*

THEODORE PARKER.

"I had no belief in the plenary, infallible, verbal inspiration of the whole Bible, and strong doubts as to the miraculous inspiration of any part of it."—Parker, p. 11.

"I took no doctrine for true, simply because it was in the Bible; what therein seemed false or wrong, I rejected as freely as if I had found it in the Sacred Books of the Buddhists or the Mormons."—P. 30.

MESSRS. TEMPLE, JOWETT, ETC.

"If historical investigation shall show us that inspiration, however it may protect the doctrine, yet was not empowered to protect the narrative of the inspired writers from occasional inaccuracy,"—"the result should still be welcome."—*Essays*, p. 47.

"Previous to the divided kingdom, the Jewish history presents little that is thoroughly reliable." (P. 170.) "The conceptions which the Hebrews formed of Jehovah, were obscured by figurative representations of him in accordance with the character of his worshippers." "Jews

"Men of earnest character thanked me for showing them, that the Bible is one thing and religion another; and that a man never need try to believe a statement in the Bible which was at variance with his reason and his conscience."—P. 37.

"I wrote two sermons on the contradictions in the Scripture:—the Historic contradictions, where one part is at variance with another; the Scientific contradictions, passages at open variance with the facts of the material universe; and the moral and religious contradictions, passages hostile to the highest intuitions of human nature."—P. 35.

did not perceive, that the attribution of wrath or jealousy to their God could only be by a figure of speech."—P. 171.

"Under the terms of the sixth article one may accept literally or allegorically, or as parable, or poetry, or *legend*, the story of a serpent-tempter, of an ass speaking with man's voice, of an arresting of the earth's motion, of waters standing in a solid heap, of witches, and of a variety of apparitions."—P. 177.

"Those who are able to do so ought to lead the less educated to distinguish between the different kinds of words which it contains; between the dark patches of human passion and error which form a partial crust upon it, and the bright centre of spiritual truth within."—P. 177.

"Ill consequences follow from not acknowledging freely the extent of the human element in the sacred books; for if this were freely acknowledged on the one side, the divine element would be frankly recognized on the other."—P. 179.

#### 4.—*The Miracles of Scripture incredible.*

THEODORE PARKER.

"I had found no evidence which to me could authorize a belief in the supernatural birth of Jesus of Nazareth. . . . Many miracles related in the Old and New Testament seemed incredible to me. . . . But I had not then that philosophical idea of God which makes a theological miracle as impossible as a round triangle, or any other self-evident contradiction."—Parker, p. 10.

MESSRS. TEMPLE, JOWETT, ETC.

"In nature and from nature, by science and by reason, we neither have nor can have any evidence of a Deity working miracles: for that, we must go out of nature and beyond reason."

"Intellect and philosophy are compelled to disown the recognition of any thing in the world of matter at variance with the first principle of the laws of matter,—the universal order and indissoluble unity of physical causes." "Testimony is but a blind guide; testimony can avail nothing against reason."—Essays, pp. 127, 141, 142.

#### 5.—*The Bible superstitiously venerated.*

THEODORE PARKER.

"It has grieved me to see all Christendom make the Bible its Fetish, and so lose the value of that free religious spirit which wrote its grand pages, or poured out its magnificent beauties."—Parker, p. 97.

MESSRS. TEMPLE, JOWETT, ETC.

"Many evils have flowed to the people of England, from an extreme and too exclusive Scripturalism. A Protestant tradition seems to have prevailed, that the words of Scripture are imbued with a supernatural property." "It is not the Book of Scripture we should seek to give them, to be revered like the Vedas or the Koran; but the truth of the Book, the mind of Christ and his apostles."—Essays, pp. 177, 427.

#### 6.—*Christian Missions mistakenly conducted.*

THEODORE PARKER.

"A false idea has controlled the strongest spiritual faculty, leading men to trust in 'imputed righteousness,' and undervalue personal virtue. Self-denying missionaries visit many a far-distant land, 'to bring the heathen to Christ.' Small good comes of it; but did they teach industry, thrift, letters, honesty, temperance, justice, mercy, with rational ideas of God and man, what a conversion would there be of the Gentiles."—Parker, p. 98.

MESSRS. TEMPLE, JOWETT, ETC.

"Christian missions suggest another sphere in which a more enlightened use of Scripture might offer a great advantage to the teacher." "We want to awaken in them the sense that God is their Father and they his children:—that is of more importance than any theory about the inspiration of Scripture. But to teach in this spirit, the missionary should be able to separate the accidents from the essence of religion: he should be conscious that the power of the Gospel resides not in the particulars of theology, but in the Christian life."—Essays, pp. 427, 428.

These specimens will be enough to show how entirely agreed were the freethinking preacher of Boston and the seven essayists of Oxford and St. David's college. The only difference is that which arises from their position. Theodore Parker spoke his mind freely and without reserve; it was his plainness of speech which made him famous. But English head masters, vice-principals, and professors, are not *quite* free to say what they will. We believe that there is no essential difference between the views of the seven essayists, and those of Theodore Parker. Yet we dare say that some of them, shrinking from using Parker's strong language, may delude themselves with the idea that there is still some distance between them.

The grand identity of all, however, is not so much found in what is *said*, as in what is left *unsaid*. Neither Theodore Parker nor the seven essayists recognize the one leading fact in Christianity,—the fall of man, the existence of sin. The Boston freethinker, with his usual frankness, constantly denies it. The seven essayists show their concurrence with him, by publishing a volume on theology, of four hundred and thirty-three pages, without one allusion to the subject. Unless, indeed, we should reckon as such Mr. Wilson's supposition, at page 177, that "the story of a serpent-tempter" may be accepted as poetry or legend; and his strange assertion, at page 206, that "if we look abroad into the world and regard the *neutral* character of the multitude, we are at a loss to apply to them either the promises or the denunciations of revelation."

What a strange delusion is this! "When we look abroad into the world," and remember the question which infidels and sceptics are fond of pressing upon us, "What do you say of the state and final destiny of the heathen?" we are always disposed to return the question into their own hands, and to ask, "What do *you* say?" But if we are met by such blindness as this of Mr. Wilson's, we know not how to proceed.

The universal testimony of all travellers is utterly opposed to this notion of "the *neutral* character" of the great mass of mankind. Where, indeed, do we find it? Take a rapid flight round the world. Begin with Africa, whose whole western seaboard is desolated by the slave-trader; whose Dahomean king keeps an army of nine thousand women,—female tigers, always ravening for blood. Pass on to India, whose religious festivals, as described by William Ward and Claudius Buchanan, were scenes of unutterable abominations, and whose bloody massacres of women and children in the late Sepoy revolt, will hardly be de-

scribed as of a "neutral character." Thence to New Zealand or the South Seas, where many a woman, previous to the introduction of Christianity, used to sleep over the grave of eight or ten murdered infants, slain by her own hands. Or to Persia, where the crimes which buried the cities of the plain beneath the Dead Sea reign supreme; or to Turkey, withering and perishing amidst its sins. *Where* is the land to which "the denunciations of revelation" do not apply?

But why need we refer to such extreme cases?—it may be asked, and we put the same question to ourselves. Mr. Parker and Mr. Wilson shut their eyes, not only to the darkest features of heathenism, but even to what is immediately around them on all sides. In what part of Boston, or in what part of London, could a man fix his dwelling, in which he would not have, within a few hundred yards of him on every side, slaves of lust, whose whole lives are given to debauchery and uncleanness,—slaves of covetousness, whose thoughts never dwell on any subject but that of gain,—dishonest men, cruel men, and men who live solely for their own selfish gratification? These glorifiers of human nature, selecting a spot which Christianity has civilized and purified, may sit down in a little circle of moral and intellectual men, and excluding all distasteful sounds and scenes, may dream of all the rest of mankind as of "a neutral character;" but their blindness would tend to excite feelings of wondering derision, were it not of so mournful a character.

They write books in which no allusion is made to the real state of the case; just as we apprehend, when the poor inmates of a lunatic asylum have a ball, the whole evening passes in mutual courtesies, music, and merriment, and the fearful word "insanity" is breathed by none. But we demand admission for the fact. Once, in Mr. Parker's pages, we catch a glimpse of the expression, "the tricky harlot,"—once, of "the cunning lawyer," and "the client's gainful wickedness." Yes, there are harlots in Boston, and in New York, and in London, and not by twos or threes, but by thousands; and there are those who consort with harlots by tens of thousands; and there are cunning lawyers, and wicked clients, and these are not a few. And we beg to know, from the seven essayists and the admirers of Theodore Parker, what provision their system makes for this part of the case. Or are men to be accepted as public teachers, who drop such a fact as this out of their system, and forget to deal with it in any way?

It is easy for reckless and profane writers to ridicule the idea "that God will slaughter men in hell by the million, though they have

committed no fault;" but what we have a right to demand of them is, How their system disposes of wicked men, who are not of rare occurrence, and who die in their wickedness in great numbers every year?

Extinction they do not maintain; for Parker himself admits that there is an instinctive intuition in man which teaches him "that the essential element *never dies*." To say that God takes all, virtuous and wicked, to heaven, to dwell with him forever, is to make God unjust, and a rewarder of wickedness. The third course is, to believe that such are rejected of God; which is just what Scripture tells us; i.e., "that the wicked is driven away in his wickedness;" that "the unprofitable servant" is "cast into outer darkness."

It is true that such a state of rejection must be a state of punishment; but this results from the very nature of things. The soul—which, as Theodore Parker says "never dies,"—has passed into the world of spirits unforgiven and unchanged. To be carried to heaven, there to meet the eye of God, and to dwell with holy angels, would be the greatest torment to such a soul that could be conceived; but it would also be an *unfit* thing; and therefore the wicked soul "goes to his own place." And to dwell with other wicked spirits, with unsatisfied lusts, and endless remorse, and never-dying despair, is the basis or reality of the most terrible pictures of the future state of the unsaved.

Of all this, and of what causes this—Sin, the seven essayists say nothing; except, indeed, Mr. Wilson may be held to question or deny it, in obscure terms, when he expresses a hope, in the last sentence of his essay, that, finally, "*all*, both small and great, shall find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent, to repose, or be quickened to higher life, in the ages to come."—P. 206.

But Mr. Wilson, while he has shown us how the Sixth Article may be explained away, and reconciled with a disbelief in one-half of the Scriptures, has forgotten certain others of the thirty-nine. The Ninth Article, for instance, tell us that "man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil; so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit; and therefore, in every person born into this world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation." The Tenth adds, that "Man cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and good works, to faith and calling upon God." And the Thirty-first states, that "The offering of Christ once made (upon the cross) is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world," "and there is none other satisfaction for sin but that

alone." These are the plain and positive statements which Dr. Temple, Mr. Jowett, Dr. Williams, and Mr. Wilson, have repeatedly subscribed; and we have a right to ask, *Do they believe them?* We feel certain that every impartial reader of these essays must receive a strong impression that this is much more than doubtful.

We have shown that the whole current of thought, the general complexion of belief, is one and the same in Theodore Parker, the philosophical infidel of New England, and in these Oxford professors and their coadjutors. But in making this collation, another instance of identity occurred to us. Simultaneously with Theodore Parker's self-education in unbelief, another, though a smaller man, was teaching himself the same lesson in our university of Oxford. Francis William Newman, fellow of Balliol College, brother of John Henry Newman, had trodden, or was treading, in the very footsteps of Parker. He followed them at the distance of perhaps two or three years; and in the year 1850 he had arrived at the same final result,—the rejection of the Bible, the abandonment of the whole Christian faith, and a conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was "not a perfect character"! We had read, and thrown aside, his *Phases of Faith*, more than seven years ago; but some thoughts in these *Essays and Reviews* struck us as not new; and after a little reflection, it occurred to us, that it was in Francis Newman's confession of infidelity that we had read them. We turned to the book; and we there found that the system of the seven essayists was identical, not only with that of Theodore Parker, but also, and equally, with the system of our English Theodore Parker,—Francis William Newman.

Let us give a few instances, without again resorting to the formality of parallel columns.

1. Mr. Wilson, in the fourth *Essay*, had told us of "the consequences of not acknowledging freely the extent of the *human* element in the sacred books;"—and he had remarked, that "previous to the time of the divided kingdom, the Jewish history presents little which is thoroughly reliable." And Mr. Jowett says, "There is no appearance in their writings that the evangelists or apostles had any inward gift, or were subject to any power external to them different from that of preaching or teaching which they daily exercised; nor do they anywhere lead us to suppose that they were free from error or infirmity."—P. 345.

In like manner, Mr. F. W. Newman, in 1850, wrote:—

"The moderns have erringly introduced into the idea of inspiration that of infallibility. . . . The apostles were not omniscient; but it cannot



hence be inferred that they did not know the message given them by God. Their knowledge, however perfect, must yet in a human mind have co-existed with ignorance; and nothing but a perpetual miracle could prevent ignorance from now and then exhibiting itself in error of fact or argument. Hence it became a matter of duty to me, if possible to discriminate the authoritative from the unauthoritative in Scripture; or at any rate to avoid accepting and propagating as true that which was false."—P. 121.

And, in his book on *the Soul*, he said, "That the *writings* of the apostles were more peculiarly inspired than their *spoken words*, is a fiction invented in modern times."—P. 242.

Mr. Jowett insists upon it, that in going to the heathen, "it is not the *book* of Scripture which we should seek to give them, but the truth of the book, the mind of Christ and his apostles." (P. 427.) "— a life of Christ in the soul, instead of a theory of Christ which is in a book, or written down."—P. 423.

So Mr. F. W. Newman had argued, ten years before, saying,—"Did Paul go about preaching the Bible?—nay, but he preached Christ:—faith in the *book* was no part of Paul's gospel."—P. 141.

3. Dr. Temple tells us, that "conscience is the *supreme interpreter*, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it can never be a duty to disobey." "When conscience and the Bible appear to differ, the pious Christian immediately concludes" (not that his conscience can possibly err, but) "that he has not really understood the Bible."—Pp. 44, 45.

In the same manner Mr. Newman had argued, that—"No outward impressions on the eye or ear can be so valid an assurance to me of God's will as my *inward judgment*. How amazing, then, that Paul and James could look on Abraham's intention to slay his son, as indicating a praiseworthy faith!" But he then supposes the objection, that this "would amount to refusing leave to God to give commands to his creatures,"—and replies, that "of God we know nothing *without*,—every thing *within*. It is in the spirit that we meet him, not in the communications of sense." "We discern a moral excellence in Christianity, and submit to it *only so far as this discernment commands*."—Pp. 152, 153.

4. Mr. Baden Powell had mystified us, by asserting that a miracle, *being an impossibility*, could only be received by faith. He had said, "a miracle, connected with religious doctrine, and asserted on the authority of inspiration," "can appeal only to the principle and influence of faith." Thus "it is clear the Gospel miracles are always ob-

jects, not evidences, of faith." Viewed as physical facts, establishing the divine mission of Christ and his apostles, miracles were of no force or value, inasmuch as "we neither have nor *can possibly have* any evidence of a Deity working miracles."—Pp. 142, 143.

But we found that even this absurdity had been borrowed from Mr. Newman, who had insisted that "Faith is essentially *from within*. To assent to a religious proposition solely in obedience to an outward miracle, would be *belief*, it would 'not be *faith*.'" "There is a deeper and an earlier revelation of God, which sensible miracles can never give." "Paul did not beat down his conscience in submission to *outward* impressions. To do so is to destroy the moral character of faith."—Pp. 154, 158.

5. The Messianic prophecies would open too large a question; and it must suffice to say, that every objection which is brought against them *now* by Dr. Rowland Williams had been stated by Mr. F. W. Newman so long as the year 1850.

6. Mr. Wilson, in the fourth *Essay*, discredits the gospel of St. John; telling us that "the remarkable unison of the first three gospels compels us to think that they embody more exact traditions of what Jesus actually said than the fourth does;" and that "there is no proof that St. John gives his voucher as an eye and ear witness of all which is related in it."—P. 161.

All this had been already said by Mr. Newman, who thinks that John has made both the Baptist and Jesus speak as John himself would have spoken, and that we cannot trust the historic reality of the discourses in the fourth gospel." (P. 173). "Thus was I flung back to the three first gospels, as on the whole more faithful as a picture of the true Jesus than that which is exhibited in John."—P. 176.

6. Dr. Rowland Williams, at page 84, and Mr. Wilson, at page 161, entirely deny the genuineness of the second epistle of St. Peter. And so had Mr. F. W. Newman, in his *Phases of Faith*, page 185, spoken of "the doubtful authenticity" of that epistle, and decided that, in one view, it was "clearly spurious."

7. Mr. Wilson, at page 177, holds that the Sixth Article leaves every one free in judgment as to "the reality of demoniacal possession, and the personality of Satan." Mr. Newman, ten years ago, had said, "That painful and gratuitous imagination, the Devil, had become a waning phantom to me, from the time that I saw the demoniacal miracles to be fictions."—P. 189.

8. Dr. Temple rejoices that "the Bible, by its form, is hindered from exercising a dea-



potism over the human spirit; if it could do that, it would become an *outer law* at once," but "it imposes on us no yoke of subjection."—P. 45.

And Mr. Newman, long ago, had protested against "the Protestant principle of accepting the Bible as the absolute law," and against "representing it as of all things most desirable to be able to benumb conscience by disuse, under the guidance of a mind *from without*."—P. 207.

9. Lastly, the whole theme and argument of Dr. Temple's essay, that "Providence had been educating the world" by means of Egyptian, Greek, and Asian idolatries, and thence upwards through Christianity, was all given in this same *Phases of Faith*, in the year 1850. Mr. Newman had there argued that,—

"The law of God's moral universe, as known to us, is that of progress. We trace it from old barbarism to the methodized Egyptian idolatry; to the more flexible polytheism of Syria and Greece; the poetical pantheism of philosophers, and the moral monotheism of a few sages. So in Palestine, and in the Bible itself, we see, first of all, the image-worship of Jacob's family, then the incipient elevation of Jehovah above all other Gods by Moses, the practical establishment of the worship of Jehovah alone by Samuel, the rise of spiritual sentiment under David and the Psalmists, the more magnificent views of Hezekiah's prophets; finally, in the Babylonish captivity, the new tenderness assumed by the second Isaiah and the later Psalmists;"—P. 223.

with much more of the same kind—all of which Dr. Temple has very plausibly expanded into an essay of forty-nine pages.

Enough, then, has been given to show, that in all the characteristic features of their system, Theodore Parker, in 1847 and in 1859, Francis William Newman in 1850, and the seven essayists in 1860, are all in harmony. In language, indeed,—in freeness of tone and expression, there is just the difference which might be expected between men who, like Parker and Newman, have thrown off all conventional bondage, and those who, like the seven essayists, are professors in Oxford, or vice-principals, or head-masters of colleges or schools, or incumbents of parishes in the established Church. But while there is this difference in the tone and freedom of expression, there is none in actual creed. All are agreed, the *seven* as well as the *two*, in rejecting "supernaturalism," in placing conscience above the Bible, and in throwing altogether out of sight the grand topics of God's word—the introduction of sin, and the gift of a Saviour—man's ruin, and man's redemption. Our conviction is, that none of them have any real faith in

either the one or the other of these great truths.

Yet we can believe, without much strain upon the imagination, that some of these writers, especially Dr. Temple and Mr. Jowett, do not really mean to abandon Christianity;—do not justly appreciate their own position;—but imagine that they can retain the *spirit* of Christianity, while throwing off all allegiance to the *letter*. We feel that we ought to accept the declarations of such men; and look upon them rather as self-deceived, than as deliberate deceivers. Now Mr. Jowett's own words are these:—

"It is a mere chimera that the different sections of Christendom may meet on the common ground of the New Testament? Or that the individual may be urged by the vacancy and unprofitableness of old traditions, to make the gospel his own,—a life of Christ in the soul, *instead of a theory of Christ* which is in a book or written down? Or that in missions to the heathen, Scripture may become the expression of universal truths, rather than of the tenets of particular men or churches?"—P. 423.

"The Bible will no longer be appealed to as the witness of the opinions of particular sects, or of our own age; it will cease to be the battle-field of controversies." "The book which links together the beginning and the end of the human race, will not have a less inestimable value because the spirit has *taken the place of the letter*."—P. 425.

"It is not the *book* of Scripture which we should seek to give them, to be revered like the Vedas or the Koran, but the *truth* of the book, the mind of Christ and his apostles, in which all lesser details and differences should be lost and absorbed."—P. 427.

We repeat, that we are bound to believe, and do believe, that Mr. Jowett means exactly what he says. But then he is self-deluded. Indeed, to fancy that he can retain the building, after having cut away the foundation, is as strange and as lamentable a delusion as ever possessed any man's mind. Long ago was this perilous error detected and exposed in Dr. Robert Vaughan's admirable discourse on the *Letter and the Spirit*. A single passage from that powerful argument must suffice:—

"The words that I speak unto you,' said the Lord Jesus, 'they are spirit, and they are life.' If this statement has meaning, it must mean, that the spirit and life of Christianity are *not*, where the words, the doctrines of Christianity, are not. Reception of the *words* is necessary to an experience of the *life*."

"The religion of the *letter*, taken alone, is not only barren, but corrupting. It is not only devoid of the fruits proper to true religion,—it is productive of fruits proper only to false religion. But the religion of the *spirit*, as existing among our philosophical spiritualists, is itself an error in an opposite direction. The religion of

the letter alone, if carried fairly out, ends in a fanatical superstition. The religion of the spirit alone, if carried fairly out, ends in the most scientific form of mere deism. By the one, the Bible is denuded of its proper result; for souls are not regenerated. By the other, the Bible is denuded of its proper authority; for the authority of the interpreter becomes greater than the authority of the text. In either case, the loss is the loss of Christianity. In either case, there may be a kind of religiousness; but it will not be the religion of Christ. If the words—the doctrines of Christ, are to be without historical certainty and authority, then nothing higher is left to mankind than such systems of religion as may be generated by their own experiences, in accordance with their own sense of need. *If we have not a Christianity sustained by authentic documents, we have none.* All pretence to any thing certainly Christian, on the part of men who repudiate the historical proofs of Christianity, must be simply absurd. When such men tell us, that they have tried the historical argument, and found it fail them, and still claim to be regarded as in possession of all that was most valuable in primitive Christianity, we are constrained to ask them, *How do you know that?* Certainly, the man who can persuade himself that he has a right to claim a place among Christians, while giving up the historical evidence of Christianity, must be in a state of mind to persuade himself of any thing."

The doctrine which offended poor Theodore Parker, and after him, Francis William Newman, and now the seven essayists, is *Supernaturalism*. Against this, with one consent, they all make war. Parker covered it with the most vehement reproaches, in his *Discourse on Religion*. Newman equally abhorred it. The seven essayists have a like feeling; but a natural caution prescribes the use of more moderate language. Dr. Temple begins by hinting that "physical science and researches into history, etc., have enlarged our philosophy beyond the limits which bounded that of the Church of the Fathers." We perhaps must not "interpret the first chapters of Genesis literally,"—"the narratives of the inspired writers had occasional inaccuracies," and so on. Dr. Rowland Williams suggests that "Questions of miraculous interference do not turn merely upon our conception of physical law, as unbroken, or of the Divine will, as all-pervading;—they include inquiries into evidence, and must abide by verdicts on the age of records." "Those cases in which we accept the miracle for the sake of the moral lesson prove the ethical element to be the more fundamental."

Mr. Baden Powell is more explicit, and asserts, in plain language, the doctrine of Strauss, that "the chain of endless causation can never be broken, and hence a miracle

is an impossibility." Mr. Wilson particularizes, and names, as facts which we are not bound to believe, "the story of a serpent-tempter, of an ass speaking with man's voice, or an arresting of the earth's motion, of a reversal of its motion, of waters standing in a solid heap, of witches, and a variety of apparitions." (P. 177.) In short, all that is *supernatural*, may be "accepted as parable, or poetry, or legend;"—but rejected as fact. Mr. Goodwin, in like manner, rejects the narrative of the Creation, and tells us, that "the human race has forgotten its own birth, and the void of its early years has been filled up by *imagination*, and not from genuine recollection." And Mr. Jowett, on the authority of his friends and coadjutors, adopts the same view, telling us, that "the best-informed are of opinion that the history of nations extends back some thousand years before the Mosaic chronology; recent discoveries in geology may, perhaps, open a further vista of existence of the human species; while it is possible, and may one day be known, that mankind spread not from one, but from many, centres over the globe; or, as others say,—the supply of links which are at present wanting in the chain of animal life, may lead to new conclusions respecting the origin of man." (P. 349.) Thus the whole tenor of this new philosophy goes to banish the idea of God, and to enthrone what Mr. Powell calls "the universal self-sustaining and self-evolving powers which pervade all nature:" "the grand principle of the self-evolving powers of nature." (Pp. 134, 139.) Thus, with one voice, *supernaturalism*, or the existence of any Lord or Ruler of nature, is denied.

Well, gentlemen, we are not going, at this moment, to enter into any argument with you on this vast question; but we do want to come to an understanding. It is very desirable, and in fact necessary, that things should be called by their right names. We ask, then, in plain English, *Do you believe in the Bible?*

Do you believe the first chapter of Genesis, which sets forth, how God created or formed the present earth;—producing, step by step, land and sea, plants and fishes, beasts, and finally man; resting, after six days' work, on the seventh day, and hallowing that day for evermore? We have not the slightest doubt that all these seven essayists would answer, We believe nothing of the kind.

Do you believe, then, the second chapter, which places man in a garden, and miraculously provides him with a consort and helpmate? Or the third, which describes the temptation, the fall, and man's punishment

and expulsion? With one voice, we feel assured, the seven essayists would reject all this, classing it with "parable, or poetry, or legend."—P. 177.

We pass on, then, to the fourth chapter, describing Cain's sin and punishment;—to the sixth and seventh, detailing the history of the deluge; to the eleventh, relating the confusion of tongues; to the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twenty-first, narrating the miraculous overthrow of Sodom, and the miraculous birth of Isaac: asking, Do these essayists give credit to any of these statements? The answer must be, No.

Well then, let us quit the Old Testament, and open the New; and try if we shall fare better there. St. Matthew's first chapter narrates the visit of an angel to Mary, and the miraculous conception: Are these facts received by the seven essayists? Several of them have answered, and we believe that all must answer, if asked, No.

The second chapter tells us of the star, and of the slaughter of the children of Bethlehem; and of two angelic visits to Joseph. The third shows us the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove, and tells us of an audible voice from "the excellent glory." The fourth describes the appearance of Satan, the fasting of Jesus for forty days and nights; and the casting out of devils. Do the essayists give credit to these things? They plainly tell us, No.

In fact, the Bible is rejected. *Supernaturalism* is its character, from the beginning to the end. Not in one place, or two, or in ten, or in fifty, but *throughout*, it constantly introduces God as Creator, or Redeemer, or Sanctifier, overruling nature at his pleasure, with the same absolute will and power with which any human artificer disposes of his materials or his tools. "O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord." "No," replies Mr. Baden Powell, with a profaneness which it is fearful to contemplate, "No, you cannot!"

But what is all this but a distinct rejection of the Bible, and of Christianity? If the Bible is plainly declared to have a great falsehood intertwined with its every page, how is it possible to build any thing upon it? Take away the word of God, the Divine revelation, and Christianity is gone also. "Conscience," as it is called, reigns "supremely," indeed, as Dr. Temple would have it, but *alone*. For such men to seek to retain the name of Christian, is at least something approaching to a great abuse of words.

But if not Christians, may rejecters of the Bible be still called *Churchmen*? Such a question may seem a strange one, but it is necessary to put it. The seven essayists might allege that they have never subscribed to the

truth of the Bible; \* but surely, if they style themselves Churchmen, they can hardly reject the creeds of the Church,—the faith into which they were baptized,—the faith which, at confirmation, they each personally professed,—the faith which, in subscribing the eighth article, they have declared "ought *thoroughly* to be received and *believed*." What say they, then, to the creeds, which, in common with all Christendom, the Church of England sets forth as her first, most positive, and most indispensable standard?

The first creed declares God the Father to have been the Maker of heaven and earth. It declares his Son to have been conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of a virgin. It declares him to have risen from the dead, and to have ascended into heaven. And it avows a belief that his followers also shall rise from the dead to life everlasting. All this is "*supernaturalism*."

The second creed adds, that God the Son, "for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven." This also is supernaturalism.

We need not proceed through the third of these documents. It is enough to say, that if these seven essayists are consistent and sincere in rejecting supernaturalism in the Bible, they must reject it when they find it in the creeds also. But what have we then? Why, we have a chaplain to the queen, a head-master of Rugby school, a vice-principal of St. David's college, a vicar of Broad Chalke, a vicar of Great Stoughton, and two Oxford professors, not believing the creeds of the church,—those very creeds upon the profession of which they were admitted into communion with the church, and into the possession of all these honors and preferences!

Can this be permitted? Is its continuance compatible with the Church's existence? If we find a state in which the highest crimes are tolerated,—in which theft and murder are committed with impunity,—do we not say that it seems on the verge of dissolution, and, in fact, to be scarcely a state at all?

The highest crimes in a Church are infidelity and idolatry. Have we not got them both in this volume? God's word is rejected; God's operative providence is denied; and an idol styled "nature" is set up. If these things can pass with impunity, will there remain a real, living Church? Will there be any thing more than "an organized hypocrisy?"

Let us imagine, in our civil government,

\* Probably most of them have forgotten the question put to them in their first ordination: "Do you *unfeignedly* believe all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament?"—and their own answer: "*I do believe them!*"

the occurrence of such deeds as are occasionally heard of in countries under arbitrary rule: the commission of murder, confiscation, or ravishing by men in high authority: and no inquiry, or trial, or punishment following: would not all men exclaim, "England is lost; for the laws are dead!" But will it be a less calamitous state of things, if a Church which is based upon the Bible, and whose mission it is to teach Christianity, shall allow the Bible to be discredited, and Christianity to be utterly denied, by men holding high office within her pale? Must not the conclusion appear inevitable to the multitude, that there is no real faith, no genuine, earnest belief, anywhere in the Church: for that, if there were, such offences could not pass unrebuked!

Nothing can be clearer or more positive than the injunctions of Scripture in this matter. Without laying any stress on the commands of Moses, we have the plain and distinct directions of the great apostle of the Gentiles. (Titus i. 11; ii. 15; iii. 10.) And we cling to the belief that we have bishops in the Church of England in these days, who will not bring themselves under the prophet's rebuke. (Isa. lvi. 10.)

Perhaps a doubt may be suggested by the singular device adopted by these seven writers. As a *whole*, the book is a deadly attack on Christianity and the Bible. But nobody has written the *whole*. Ask the head-master of Rugby, and he will tell you that he has only written a paper on the education of the world, and that he is "responsible for his own article only." Ask Mr. Goodwin, and he will reply, that he has merely contributed a paper on geology; and that it is not unusual for geological writers to question the strict accuracy of the first chapter of Genesis. And thus a most formidable engine for the propagation of infidelity is constructed, and yet no one admits that he is responsible for more than a single scientific essay! But, in secular matters, the combination of seven men, to do a certain illegal act, is always taken to involve every one of them in the whole guilt. The ringing of a bell, or the holding of a

horse, has involved many a man in the guilt of treason.

Though the device is new, the object of the union, and the intent of the singularly quiet and unobtrusive appearance of the volume, is, we think, quite transparent. If this volume, which raises so many perplexing questions, is left without censure, it is difficult to see what notice can hereafter be taken of the broadest and plainest declaration of infidelity on the part of any minister of the Church of England.

But, after all, we prefer to appeal to the common sense and common honesty of the essayists themselves. We cannot bring ourselves to regard such men as Dr. Temple and Mr. Jowett as deficient in either. We have shown that, substantially, the faith of these essayists is identical with that of Theodore Parker and F. W. Newman. Why, then, are they not equally straightforward in their conduct? When Parker and Newman gave up the faith in which they had been educated, they abandoned the outward profession of Christianity. They became infidels, and as infidels they were treated. America is the land of entire liberty and freedom from all restraint; but when Parker had made his faith, or rather his want of faith, known, a broad line was at once drawn between him and the Christian churches of the United States. The most popular minister in America, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, was obliged to preach and publish an apology for having been once seen on a platform on which Mr. Parker also appeared. As for Mr. Francis Newman, we all know his position in our own country. It never seems to have occurred to him that he might remain in a church after he had abandoned the faith of that church. Yet strange to say, some of these essayists, after adopting and maintaining a principle which makes prayer a practical absurdity, actually pretend to offer up prayer in the great congregation; read Scripture to the people, believing it to contain falsehood; and stand up, in the open face of day, to repeat creeds, the chief articles of which they utterly reject and deny!

It is a curious fact that two lakes resembling those great sheets of water lately discovered by Captains Burton and Spike in Eastern Africa, are laid down on a map published in the French edition of Dapper's African (Amsterdam, 1686).

Dapper puts the lakes some degrees too far to the south, but their relative position is the same as that of Sanganyika and Nyanza. None of the geographical journals have yet noticed this singular coincidence.—*Tribune*.



From The Saturday Review.

# ARREST OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.\*

MR. FORSTER has probably studied more deeply than any other living historian the events of the troubled period which immediately preceded the Civil War. The continuous and traditional character of the English constitution is remarkably illustrated by the earnest sympathy of contemporary inquirers with the great political controversies of two centuries ago. Instead of affecting to look down from the height of an enlarged experience on the bygone differences of Royalists and Roundhead, Mr. Forster regards the great contest from the point of view which might have presented itself to Pym or Hampden, if they could for a moment have stood apart from the actual struggle. His solicitude to ascertain the legal position of either party indicates a just appreciation of the instinctive regard for constitutional forms which has in all ages formed the chief security of English freedom. While continental demagogues have satisfied themselves with windy abstractions of philanthropy and justice, reformers, and even innovators, have always confined themselves in England to the assertion of some professedly historical and really tangible right. The laws of Edward the Confessor, the Great Charter, taxation by the House of Commons, and *Habeas Corpus*, after serving as definite objects of agitation or of conflict, have proved solid acquisitions when they have been attained. When a learned and able writer argues in an elaborate work that Charles I. had no right to enter the House of Commons, he incidentally proves that the instinct of rational liberty is at this moment as fresh and living as when it embodied itself in the patriotic sophisms and fictions which, two hundred and twenty years ago, gave a temporary color of legality to the prudent usurpations of the malcontent House of Commons. Mr. Forster's well-directed industry has enabled him to collect from unpublished documents a narrative of the attempted arrest, and of its immediate consequences, which is almost as full and accurate as if the story had been told on each successive day by a modern reporter or newspaper correspondent. Future historians may spare themselves any further research into the details of the remarkable crisis which is justly regarded as the virtual commencement of the war. Perhaps it would not be unreasonable to expect that Mr. Forster may also anticipate their labors

by founding on his many special investigations a continuous narrative of the reign of Charles I., and, perhaps, of the Commonwealth. There is no danger that such a work, however valuable, will close a controversy which still retains its inexhaustible interest. Except among young ladies who write High Church novels, few uncompromising historical Royalists are to be found at the present day; but, whatever may be said of Clarendon's veracity, his deliberate statements of the law are not to be altogether despised. The parliamentary leaders, though they covered themselves at every step by precedents and assertions of privilege, cannot claim the merit of having made a revolution with rose-water, nor did they overthrow an ancient monarchy in strict adherence to the letter of the law. Their modern apologist is justified in his general approval of their policy, and he rightly apprehends their judicious anxiety to keep the semblance of law on their side; but the authoritative interpretation of the legal questions in dispute is supplied by the later practice of a constitution always modifying itself in each generation by fresh accessions of popular power. Queen Victoria retains prerogatives which Pym and his colleagues denied to Charles I.; and the privileges of her House of Commons, though amply sufficient for a sovereign assembly, are narrower than the claims which were expounded at Grocer's Hall by Sir Symonds d'Ewes.

The *ex-officio* impeachment of the five members and of Lord Kimbolton by the attorney-general, acting under the orders of the king, although not inconsistent with legal analogy, was unsupported by precedent, and it has been condemned by all subsequent opinion and practice. The attempt to exceed the prerogative could only have been excused by the consciousness that the struggle had already passed beyond constitutional limits, and that the victory must rest with the stronger combatant. In the subsequent discussions, the not less extravagant pretensions of the Commons almost effaced the intrinsic irregularity of the impeachment. Amongst other extemporaneous dogmas, it was affirmed that the king could never be an accuser of a subject, because he would be entitled to his lands and goods on a capital conviction. The answer that, whether in misdemeanor or in treason, the crown is always a nominal party to a criminal proceeding, would probably have subjected any dissentient lawyer to commitment to the Tower. Although Mr. Forster seems to consider the impeachment bad in substance, as referring to words spoken in Parliament, Pym himself, in the first debate, admitted that the ar-

\* *Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.* A Chapter of English History rewritten. By John Forster. London: Murray. 1860.

ticles contained distinct charges of treason ; and it may be added, that no head of accusation necessarily referred to words or acts which would have been protected by privilege of Parliament. The vague phrases of "traitorous endeavors," "foul aspersions," and "traitorous designs" may probably have been suggested by parliamentary speeches, but a court of justice would have interpreted the language of the articles in conformity with the law ; and the special charges of inviting the Scotch invasion, of raising tumults, and of levying war, would, in a regular proceeding by indictment, if they had been supported by evidence—as they were, in part, indisputably true—have fully justified a conviction for treason. It was fortunate for the popular party that the king attempted to follow up an irregular impeachment by an illegal arrest. There has, perhaps, never been a moment in the history of any other country, except in times of revolution, when the right of a sovereign to arrest an alleged traitor in person would for a moment have been disputed ; but in England an impassable barrier of form and constitutional fiction happily protects individuals as well as the great bodies of the state from the caprices and violence of the executive. Charles I. had still a strong interest in maintaining the forms of law when he made his ill-advised expedition to the House of Commons. When he arrived there, the vacillation of his character was displayed in the careful moderation and ostentatious courtesy of his behavior in a position where firmness and menace could not have been more useless, while they would certainly have been more consistent. Mr. Forster seems too much disposed to repeat the hypothetical accusations of indignant members who supposed that, under certain circumstances, the king might have substituted the swords and pistols of his followers for the overstrained politeness which he actually displayed. It was scarcely worth while to quote from D'Ewes the speculation that "those ruffians, being eighty in number, who were gotten into the said lobby, being armed, all of them with swords, and some of them with pistols ready charged, were so thirsty after innocent blood, as they would scarce have staid the watchword if those members had been there." The twaddling Puritan had just before described the king's followers as "divers officers of the army in the North and other desperate ruffians." As they in fact suppressed their thirst for blood so far as to offer no offence to any member of the House, the ruffian officers, as well as the king, may perhaps be acquitted of a wholly imaginary crime. In the present day, it may even be

doubted whether officers who rallied round the king on the eve of a civil war were necessarily desperate ruffians.

The able leaders of the Commons took advantage of the king's blunder by claiming, under cover of his irregular proceedings, an immunity for themselves which has never, before or since, been sanctioned by law. Mr. Forster, in an indignant attack on Clarendon, states that "the votes of the committee distinctly limited and defined the breach of privilege as consisting, not in the accusation or the arrest, but in the means and process employed therein, whereby the law of the land and the liberty of the subject, not less than the privileges of Parliament, were violated." "Happily, too," he adds, "the Declaration remains which embodied the constitutional suggestions of D'Ewes and the manly proposition of Vane, and it needs but to quote a few of its noble sentences to dissipate these fictions of Clarendon." The fragmentary quotation which follows is consistent with Mr. Forster's views, but he has wholly overlooked and omitted a passage which proves that Clarendon was justified when he stated that the Declaration of the Commons extended to a claim of entire exemption from arrest. After relating the circumstances of the king's visit, and affirming the illegality of royal warrants, the Commons proceeded to declare that "the arresting any member of Parliament by any warrant whatever without consent of that House whereof he is a member, is a breach of the privilege of Parliament, and the person that shall so arrest him is declared a public enemy of the Commonwealth." D'Ewes himself, as quoted by Mr. Forster, puts forward the claim to the full extent, and supports it by an argument as bad in law as the proposition itself. "If the charge," he says, "be for treason committed out of the House, yet still the House must be first satisfied with the matter of fact before they part with their members." . . . "For the Lords did make an Act Declarative in the Parliament Roll de A<sup>o</sup> 4<sup>o</sup> Ed. III., No. 6<sup>o</sup>, that the judgment of Peers only did properly belong to them ; so I hold it clear that these gentlemen cannot be condemned but by such a judgment only as wherein the Lords may join with the Commons, and that must be by Bill." In other words, members of the House legally accused of treason or felony, can only be arrested by consent of the House, and only convicted by Act of Parliament. D'Ewes appears to have been aware that the right of the Peers to be tried by their own body, instead of by a jury, had never been shared by the Commons ; and yet, with a somewhat impudent transition, he converts the undoubted privilege of

trial by peers into an immunity of all members of the Legislature from all criminal process. A few days before, an attempt had been made to establish for the minority in the House of Commons the right of protest which is still the privilege of every peer. Mr. Forster designates the experiment as "a monstrous assumption," and he by no means pities the unlucky mover, who, according to the ordinary practice of the Long Parliament, was instantly committed to the Tower for his unpopular proposal. Sir Symonds D'Ewes' false and fraudulent analogy, which was at once accepted by the Commons, seems at least equally monstrous. Vane's rider to the Declaration, containing a promise that members duly prosecuted shall be brought by the House to a due and speedy trial, is, notwithstanding its temperate language, equivalent to a re-assertion of the usurped privilege of immunity from criminal process. The House in possessing the will to give, claimed a power to withhold, and it would always have been easy to find reasons for protecting the leaders who, in fact, dictated the language which insured their own safety. Clarendon lays down the real issue, and states the law with indisputable accuracy, when he says that the judges ought to have been consulted, and that they must in that case have ruled "that by the known law, which had been confessed in all times and ages, no privilege of Parliament could extend to the case of treason." The king had exceeded his legal powers not in the accusation or the arrest, but in the means and process employed therein, and it would not have suited the purpose of Pym and his colleagues simply to point out an error which the king might, on a future occasion, easily have corrected. The revolution had so far commenced, that it was necessary, on both sides, to disregard the constitution, and yet it was desirable to persuade the people that every violent measure was strictly consistent with law.

The audacity of the Commons would have furnished a better excuse for the rashness of the king if he had been on a level with his opponents either in vigor or in the command of available resources. The attempt to arrest the five members was a moderate and legal proceeding in comparison with the impeachment of ten bishops for high treason, on the ground of their imprudent protest against their exclusion by mob violence from their seats in the House of Lords. It is difficult in modern times to understand the conduct of a deliberate assembly in which the members of the minority were liable to censure and imprisonment whenever they ventured to use any inconveniently forcible argument, but the leaders of the popular

party undoubtedly felt that success in their great struggle would be hopeless unless the House of Commons could be persuaded or forced to act with unbroken unity. With an instinctive comprehension of the real nature of the contest, they disregarded all formal scruples in pursuit of their object; while, rightly appreciating the character of their countrymen, they never violated a law without a reason, and never allowed the king to perpetrate the smallest irregularity without protest and resistance. Mr. Forster's profound sympathy with their cause seems occasionally to blind him to the constitutional anomalies which were inseparable from a revolutionary epoch. As the Commons, according to his own just remark, began the Civil War when they marched with an armed force from the city to Westminster, it is scarcely worth while to clip and pare their proceedings of the previous week for the purpose of bringing them within the limits of the constitution.

The Royalists and their great historian are alone interested in the attempt to convert the political conflict into a legal controversy. The early labors of the Long Parliament are memorable, not for usurpations which have left no permanent trace in the constitution, but for the defeat of a policy which would have reduced England to the monotonous servitude of France or Spain. It is impossible to value too highly an escape from that deadening system of absolute monarchy which the continent has never since been able to shake off. The indispensable restrictions on the royal prerogative were almost complete at the moment when it became impossible to carry on the struggle by a peaceable and ostensibly legal method. The Restoration and the Revolution confirmed and perpetuated the internal balance of power which had been nominally established before the bishops were committed to the Tower, and before Pym and Hampden were impeached. The Civil War which temporarily overthrew both royalty and liberty was unfortunately necessary, because neither the king nor the Parliament could rely on the maintenance of the existing compromise. The exceptional courts, the claim to impose taxes by prerogative, the civil and ecclesiastical policy of Laud and Strafford, had been already suppressed. Cromwell and his generals unintentionally superadded the final condition of practical freedom by making a standing army odious for several generations.

The bold and prudent leaders of the Parliament are perhaps the worthiest representatives of the political qualities which distinguish Englishmen. Their habitual at-

tachment to law, and to the fictions in which it becomes idealized, was always subordinate to their indomitable resolution in carrying out the great purpose of their lives. If they displayed a crafty sternness in their dealings with the king, the survivors of their number afterwards stood proudly apart from the successful military chief. The triumph of their principles became virtually impossible with the first outbreak of the war; but on the other hand, it was perhaps impossible

that the struggle should end without an appeal to arms. Mr. Forster does full justice to their intelligent love of freedom as well as to their personal wisdom and courage. If he somewhat overrates the nicety of their constitutional scruples, the exaggeration only brings out in more conspicuous relief one of the most remarkable characteristics which belong to the men, to their time, and above all to their country.

**MAP OF JEDDO.**—The Rev. Henry Wood, chaplain of the United States steam frigate Powhatan, has recently sent home a map of the Japanese city of Jeddo, which is all the work of native artists, and was printed and colored in that city. We have examined a copy of this map, which is really a fine specimen of drawing, showing not only all the streets, but the location of the government offices, the temples, bays, rivers, ponds, and other collections of water, the merchants' quarters, houses, shops, and grounds, small hills and gardens, fields of rice and vegetables, the imperial residence, and those of the hereditary princes, etc., etc.

We have never had an adequate idea of the immense size of the city of Jeddo until we inspected this map. The imperial castle alone, which is in the centre of the city, and surrounded by double walls, moats, etc., is from twelve to fifteen miles in circuit. The establishments of some of the hereditary princes cover a square mile, and contain thousands of retainers. The circumference of the city must be at least sixty miles. It contains almost innumerable temples. The streets are laid out with considerable regularity, though with little angularity.

The accuracy of the map is attested by Mr. Wood, who has traversed this great and mysterious city from side to side repeatedly, examined its temples and places of interest, and been twice around the imperial castle. Copies of this interesting map may be obtained at the New England Branch Tract Society's Depository, No. 78 Washington Street.—*Boston Journal*.

**THE Bay of New York** is not a poetical title to excite the curiosity of the picture-seeing public, yet we predict an almost unequalled success for the picture of that name that for three months past has been under the patient, living hands of Mr. George L. Brown. The view embraces a large portion of the city, the mouth of the river, the bay, and many other objects, all overarched by a sky of grand conceptions and masterly execution.—*New York Evening Post*.

**THE Pitch Committee of the Society of Arts** will receive with satisfaction tidings that Russia has allied herself to France in the matter of imposing, as government standard, the normal diapason agreed on in Paris; indemnifying, it is added, the artists, who will suffer great expense on the occasion, by a grant of 45,000*fr.*—£1,800. This will hardly, for the moment, be emulated in England, and amounts, we think, to a significant comment on the practicability of the change. At Paris it has been found expedient entirely to rebuild the organ in the opera-house. Who shall answer that these changes, when carried through, are final?

**FROM 1753**, the year of its foundation, to the 31st of March of the present year, the total expense of the British Museum to the nation has been £1,382,733, 13*s.*, 4*d.*,—no great sum for the inestimable benefit obtained by its outlay, and a considerably less one than would be required to keep a line-of-battle ship afloat for half the period. Mr. Panizzi states that there is room in the building, as it stands at present, for eight hundred thousand additional volumes, and for a million altogether:—at the present rate of increase, space enough to accommodate the receipts of fifty years to come.

**IN the Indian *Lancet* for 1st of April** is a communication from Dr. Donaldson, recommending the web of the common spider as an unfailing remedy for certain fevers. It is stated to be invaluable at times when quinine and other ante-periodics fail in effect or quantity, not only from its efficacy, but because it can be obtained anywhere without trouble and without price. This remedy, it was observed, was used a century back by the poor in the fens of Lincolnshire, and by Sir James M'Gregor in the West Indies. The doctor now uses cobweb pills in all his worst cases, and is stated to have said that he has never, since he tried them, lost a patient from fever.



THE MANNING THE FRENCH NAVIES,  
AND THE NORTH AMERICAN FISHERIES QUESTION.

To the Editor of *The Constitutional Press Magazine*.

SIR:—The country is in no slight degree indebted to the *Press* for the information which has been afforded of the history of the re-organization of the French army. It is only by the *Press* that any light has been thrown on the secret causes of the extraordinary development of that military system, which has, in the past year, taken Europe by surprise, and astonished the intelligence of English statesmen not less than that of Austrian generals.

Permit me to communicate some facts, derived from personal knowledge, respecting the similar re-organization of the French navy, and the French system of manning their fleet. We shall find in the naval as well as the military department much to admire in the system of our ingenious allies, and perhaps also much to learn. In seagirt, seafaring England, the manning of the navy has become one of the difficult problems of the day. Whereas in France, from a small nucleus, a great and admirably organized marine has been formed, and the training and disciplining sailors for her navy has become an institution. The French government of late years, feeling their deficiency in seamen and also in the maritime nursery of sailors, has looked around, with prescient common sense, for some practical basis within their reach, on which to found a system of marine. Though few their natural advantages were in this respect, they have found what they sought in their distant fisheries, if these be well utilized and developed; and with admirable skill have they turned to account what would have appeared to an English statesman of the red-tape school but scattered and insufficient elements. France has now in the fisheries of Newfoundland alone more than twenty thousand sailors employed. These men are all subject to naval discipline, they go out in the spring, and return to France in the autumn; they are at all times liable to be called out to serve in the navy; they are kept together, and in every way prepared for the one object in view, viz., the possession of a ready-made material always within reach for manning the fleets. These men and boys are taught seamanship in a rugged school; they are inured to hardships, seasoned to cold, to storms, and the roughest work of the seaman. A fleet, manned from the French North American fishing boats and vessels, would have presented to an admiral, crews somewhat more prepared for service than those which left Portsmouth for the Baltic in 1854.

In 1841, when war with England was apprehended, M. Thiers recalled the fishermen, absent in Newfoundland, to enter the navy. In a debate on the navy in the French Chambers, M. Rodet affirmed that, "without the resources which were found in the sailors engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, the expedition to Algiers could not have taken place."

This result for France has been obtained by two methods; each wise in design, and well carried out. The first was to drive the English fishermen out of the market, and to place France in the shoes of England, both as to commerce and sailors. As it was not easy to do this by fair commercial competition, recourse was had to a system of granting bounties on all codfish taken by the French fishermen on the Newfoundland banks and coast, which bounty-caught fish, coming into competition with the English in foreign markets, enabled the French to undersell the English; and, consequently, forced the British shipper to sell his cargo at a sacrifice, and deterred him from any desire to repeat such shipment.

Lord Dundonald, in writing on this subject in 1852, says, "I wish to convey, in as few words as possible, the real cause of the progressive decay, and now total abandonment, of that once important nursery for seaman, with which the duties of my late naval command required that I should make myself intimately acquainted. The result of authentic information, derived from official documents, proved that the British Bank, or Deep-Sea Fishery, formerly employed four hundred sail of square-rigged vessels and twelve thousand seamen; and that now not one of these pursue their vocation, in consequence of the ruinous effect of bounties awarded by the French and North American governments. The former pay their fishermen ten francs for every quintal of fish disembarked in the ports of France, and five francs additional on their importation in French vessels into foreign states, once exclusively supplied by England—a transfer which cannot be viewed simply as a mercantile transaction, seeing that the substitution of a greater number of foreign transatlantic fishing vessels, having more numerous crews, constitutes a statistical difference amounting to twenty-six thousand sailors against England, without including the United States—a fact that ought not, and, being known, cannot be looked on with indifference."

Such have been the means adopted in a commercial point of view. The French government has, with good reason, congratulated itself on its success, as well as taken credit for its ability. The report of the

committee of the national assembly of France upon their Newfoundland fisheries, presented and adopted on 3 May, 1851, states, in recommending a continuance of the large bounties theretofore granted, "It is not, therefore, a commercial law we have the honor to propose to the assembly, but a *maritime* law—a law conceived for the advancement of the naval powers of this country. It is in her fisheries that at this day repose all the serious hopes of our maritime establishments. No other school can compare with this, in preparing them so well, and in numbers so important, for the service of the navy."

Notwithstanding this heavy blow and discouragement to British interests, the British fishermen and merchants have struggled for some years to hold their own, with that tenacity and perseverance which only our countrymen can show, when overmatched by opponents and not fairly dealt with by those at home. But the superior intelligence of the French government has met this contingency.

There was an opening for raising a dispute as to the interpretation of some treaties respecting the fishing boundaries. What, if the French government should advance a claim, excluding the British from the best fishing-ground, and should prevail on the British government to sanction it! It was an old story, and an often refuted claim, that of the exclusive right of the French to the best fisheries on a British coast, but it was worth trying, and so this modest claim was advanced in 1838 by Count Sebastian to Lord Palmerston. The English minister, in his reply of July 16, 1838, wrote as follows: "Exclusive rights are privileges which, from the very nature of things, are likely to be injurious to parties, who are thereby debarred from some exercise of industry in which they would otherwise engage. Such rights are therefore certain to be at some time or other disputed, if there is any maintainable ground for contesting them; and, for these reasons, when negotiations have intended to grant exclusive rights, it has been the invariable practice to convey such rights in direct, unqualified, and comprehensive terms, so as to prevent the possibility of future dispute or doubt. In the present case, however, such forms of expression are entirely wanting; and the claim put forward on the part of France is founded simply on inference, and on an assumed interpretation of words.

After this answer, the claim disappeared for some years. But since the accession of the present emperor of the French, a new activity has been infused into the whole question, a new perception has arisen of the

necessity of a further development of this nursery for the French fleet, and consequently of the withdrawal, removal, or rejection (friendly, and by treaty interpretation, of course) of the British from their own fisheries. The French government succeeded during the Duke of Newcastle's occupancy of the Colonial Office in 1856, in obtaining a recognition of the pretensions which had been advanced, with a different result, to Lord Palmerston in 1838. The consummation, however, of the wholesale sacrifice was prevented by the determined resistance of the colonists, who, taking their stand on treaty rights, and on the clear exposition of them by the English foreign minister in 1838, exercised the veto which the Constitution gave them. The French government met this by a measure very nearly approaching to an act of force. They issued orders to their commandant on the Newfoundland station, to use his naval force, if necessary, to compel the Newfoundland British to resign their own fisheries and their own land. In this somewhat menacing state of things, Sir E. B. Lytton succeeded to the Colonial Office. The injury done to British interests in a commercial point of view by the French bounties was a *fait accompli*. The final blow of granting to the French the exclusive right to the best fisheries, and to British soil, had happily been so far averted. The question to be dealt with was twofold: first, as to facts, viz., unjustifiable intrusion; secondly, as to interpretation of treaties, from that of Utrecht downward. On both points, the colonial minister, after having diligently and minutely examined the evidence, came to the conclusion at which no impartial or intelligent person could help arriving; viz., that the French claims were wholly untenable, and their conduct in the highest degree usurping and unjust. Lord Cowley was instructed to re-open the matter with the French government, and to propose the sending out of a joint commission to inquire, on the spot, into the facts. The French government consented, but with the reservation by Count Walewski, that "the difficulties raised by the Newfoundland question appear to the emperor's government to proceed solely from a difference in the interpretation of treaties, and it cannot, therefore, share in the confidence which her Britannic majesty's government feels in the result of the proposal. (5th January, 1859.)"

The commission, however, went out to prosecute its inquiries, and its report will shortly be laid before Parliament.

It is of the highest consequence, sir, that public attention should be directed to this matter, and correct information afforded.

In the debate on Lord Bury's motion last year, a lamentable ignorance was exhibited by some leading members of Parliament, both as to the facts of the case, the treaty rights involved, and the deep importance of the question to Great Britain as bearing on her naval interests. One thing may be confidently affirmed, that the more the matter is sifted, the stronger will be found the case of Great Britain, both as to the facts of intrusion and usurpation alleged, and as to the just interpretation of the treaties involved.

The only escape from the consequences of the weak and ignorant concessions made in the interim will be, to take stand on the principles laid down by Lord Palmerston in 1838, departure from which by subsequent minutes has been the cause of the greater part of this mischief and danger.

I had intended making some remarks on the treaties bearing on this subject from that of Utrecht; but this letter has already extended itself to too great a length.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
A COLONIST.

A PASSAGE in *A Tour Through the whole Island of Great Britain*, attributed to Daniel Defoe, satisfactorily answers, I think, the *Query* put by Mr. Hotten in your last number:—

"We see nothing remarkable here but Gad's-Hill, a noted place for robbing of seamen, after they have received their pay at Chatham. Here it was that a famous robbery was committed in or about the year 1676, which deserves to be mentioned. It was about four o'clock in the morning, when a gentleman was robbed by one Nicks on a bay mare, just on the declivity of the hill, on the west side. Nicks came away to Gravesend, and, as he said, was stopped by the difficulty of getting the boat near an hour, which was a great discouragement to him; but he made the best use of it, as a kind of 'bated to his horse; from thence he rode cross the country of Essex to Chelmsford. Here he stopped about half an hour to refresh his horse, and gave him some balls; from thence to Braintree, Bocking, Wethersfield; then over the Downs to Cambridge; and from thence, keeping still the cross roads, he went by Fenny Stanton, to Godmanchester and Huntingdon, where he and his mare 'bated about an hour; and as he said himself, he slept about half an hour; then holding on the North Road and not keeping at full gallop most of the way, he came to York the same afternoon; put off his boots and riding-cloths, and went dressed, as if he had been an inhabitant of the place, to the Bowling Green, where among other gentlemen was the lord mayor of the city. He singled out his lordship, studied to do something particular, that the mayor might remember him by; and then takes occasion to ask his lordship what o'clock it was, who, pulling out his watch, told him the hour, which was a quarter before or a quarter after eight at night.

"Upon a prosecution for this robbery, the whole merit of the case turned upon this single point; the person robbed swore to the man, to the place, and to the time in which the fact was

committed; but Nicks, proving by the lord mayor that he was as far off as Yorkshire on that day, the jury acquitted him on a bare supposition that it was impossible the man could be at two places so remote on one and the same day."

"Just on the declivity of the hill on the west side" must be not many yards from Gad's Hill Place, the property of Charles Dickens.

—Notes and Queries.

W. H. W.

"**ROCK OF AGES.**"—Before attempting to decide whether the priority is due to Toplady's hymn, or to its Latin counterpart forwarded by your Rev. correspondent, one would wish to know whether the latter has ever appeared in print, and, if so, when and where. It is worthy of observation, however, that the first stanza of the hymn, as will be evident on comparison, very closely corresponds with a passage in Daniel Brevint's learned and pious tractate entitled *The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice*:—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r!"

Surely, when Toplady wrote these well-known lines, he must have had before him Brevint's devout and solemn aspiration:—

"O Rock of Israel, Rock of Salvation, Rock struck and cleft for me, let those two streams of blood and water, which once gushed out of thy side . . . bring down with them salvation and holiness into my soul!" (Ed. 1679, p. 17.) A copy of this old edition, which is the third, will be found in Dr. Williams' library, Redcross Street.

—Notes and Queries.

THOMAS BOYS.

From The Athenæum.

*Life of Edmond Malone, Editor of Shakspeare, with Selections from his Manuscript Anecdotes.* By Sir James Prior. Smith, Elder, & Co.

CAW me, caw thee! Stick to your order. A book about every man of letters. Write it, yea or nay, needful or needless, says Sir James Prior: "It forms a debt of honor, if not of gratitude, which literary men are bound to bestow upon each other." We hope Sir James is not in earnest. Why should every antiquary, every commentator, have a big book laid upon his ashes? We forget kings. We forget generals, admirals, secretaries of state; we forget fox-hunters, six-bottle men, champions of the prize-ring; why should we not be allowed, without imputations on our honor or on our gratitude, to give up to the eternal silences contentious editors of Shakspeare and undistinguished fellows of the Society of Antiquaries?

Our life is but a dream and a forgetting.

What constitutes the debt of honor? Who is bound to repay it? Is it to be simply a case of caw me, caw thee? Does the biographer of Goldsmith write a life of Malone in order to create in the next generation the necessity for a biographer of Prior? Think of the consequences to the public, should the dogma ever be received in practice, that a book ought to be written upon every man who has written, or who has even edited, a book! Conceive the pleasant amplitude of volumes,—also conceive the jovial anecdotes, the sparkling wit, the kindly humor, the inconceivable generosity and tenderness to be stored away in type for future use, in a series of two or three hundred Lives of Shakspeare's editors and commentators, from Hemmings down to Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce! How much we may lose by not collecting and preserving the retort courteous—the quip modest—the blast and counterblast of all these worthies—our own columns and the columns of our contemporaries are in this month of March bearing only too abundant witness!

Sir James Prior's principle would beat even the famous Society for Mutual Worship. The club in which every man calls his neighbor a wit, a poet, an artist, a general, a man of the world,—on the very easy and pleasant condition of being allowed his choice of the epithet to be applied by others to himself,—is a private affair, only distressing, or amusing, as the humor goes, to the accidental friend and guest of the club. But Sir James Prior's principle of bestowing a book on every dead antiquary who may have written himself down an ass, has a far wider and more menacing scope. We think Sir James has not considered the consequences of his

dogma. Where would the paper come from? Think of the demand for rags! Every gentleman now writes. If every mummy is to be swathed in paper, new Manchesters must arise to produce the tissues. If any thing could atone for the enunciation of this dangerous dogma, it would be the manner in which Sir James has achieved his own peculiar task of gratitude. He has contrived to make what might appear a superfluous work, a pleasant and indeed an amusing book.

The life of Edmond Malone appears at first thought scarcely worth the cost of 470 pages of type. Edmond Malone, editor of Shakspeare,—born 1741, died 1812,—his biography might be thrown into the head-line of a tombstone. But besides editing Shakspeare and buying old plays and poems, Malone, with the industry of a scribe and the information of a man of letters, made notes of stories and conversations heard by him during many years. These notes of stories and conversations have a higher value than the personal facts of Malone's life. For about ten years, he jotted down the good things which flowed round good men's feasts somewhat constantly; afterwards, less regularly, though still occasionally; and the mass of gossip thus gathered up by him is now given for the first time in a full and continuous stream as he set it down. It forms a very large appendix to Sir James' Life.

From this heap of gossip on men and books we shall borrow somewhat largely. Many of the facts set down by Malone as the news of his day—the sly, secret history of his times—are now the common property of the world. Much that is told of Pope, of Burke, of Johnson, has been gathered in from other quarters by the tribe of biographers. Yet a good deal remains with a certain freshness and character upon it. Even those passages, of which the substance is already to be found in Mr. Croker's "Boswell," or in Mr. Carruthers' "Pope," have often an interest of their own, either as proving the general soundness of Malone's information, or for some slight incidental touch of manner, which adds, if not a fact, a sort of perfume, to the tale.

As the subjects of Malone's table-talk have often little or no connection with each other, we shall not trouble the reader much about the order in which the paragraphs appear. His convenience may be best consulted by our throwing the chit-chat and anecdotes into a few simple groups, just as they seem to illustrate the particular person on the scene.

We begin with a few words about Lord Mansfield:—

"Lord Mansfield told Mr. W. Gerrard Hamilton this winter (1782), that what he most re-



gretted to have lost by the burning of his house (at the time of the riots, set on foot about three years ago by that wicked canting hypocrite, Lord George Gordon) was a speech that he had made on the question how far the privilege of Parliament extended; that it contained *all the eloquence and all the law* he was master of; that it was fairly written out; and that he had no other copy. Mr. Daines Barrington informed me that the book here alluded to contained *eight* speeches made in the House of Lords; all fairly written for the press, and *now* irreparably lost. When Lord Mansfield (then Mr. Murray) was examined before the Privy Council, about the year 1747, for drinking the Pretender's health on his knees (which he certainly did), it was urged against him, among other things, to show how strong a well-wisher he was to the cause of the exiled family, that, when he was employed as solicitor-general against the *rebels* who were tried in 1746, he had never used that term, but always called them *unfortunate gentlemen*. When he came to his defence he said the fact was true; and he should only say that 'he pitied that man's loyalty who thought that *epithets* could add to the guilt of treason!'—an admirable instance of a dexterous and subtle evasion.

"Lord Mansfield told Mr. Hamilton that what Dr. Johnson says of Pope, that 'he was a dull companion,' is not true. 'He was very lively and entertaining when at his case; and in a small company very communicative.'"

On this last assertion of the great jurist Malone has a characteristic comment:—

"Lord Mansfield's account is different from every other, and I believe not true. He is not to be trusted on this head; for he must then have been greatly flattered by being in Pope's company. Besides, his own conversation was never very brilliant, and he was always very fond of bad jokes and dull stories, so that his *taste* and judgment on this subject may be suspected."

Further on, we have another story of Mansfield, served up with Malone-sauce:—

"When Sir. J. Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Burke, and others went to Lord Mansfield's house to bail Barettil, his lordship, without paying much attention to the business, immediately and abruptly began with some very flimsy and boyish observations on the contested passage in *Othello*, 'Put out the light,' etc. This was by way of showing off to Garrick; whose opinion of him, however, was not much raised by this impotent and untimely endeavor to shine on a subject with which he was little acquainted. Sir J. Reynolds, who had never seen him before (who told me the story), was grievously disappointed in finding this *great lawyer* so little at the same time."

Among sayings and stories connected with Pope we give the following:—

"Pope, talking once to Lord Mansfield about posthumous fame, said that the surest method of securing it would be to leave a sum of money to be laid out in an entertainment to be given

once every year to the first form of Westminster School forever; and that the testator would by this means ensure eulogiums and Latin verses to the end of the world."

Again:—

"Pope had an original picture of Bishop Atterbury painted by Kneller. Of this picture he used to make Worsdale the painter make copies for three or four guineas; and whenever he wished to pay a particular compliment to one of his friends, he gave him an *original* picture of Atterbury. Of these *originals*, Worsdale had painted five or six.—(From Mr. Walpole.)"

Again:—

"Soon after Pope's acquaintance with Warburton commenced, and the latter had published some of his heavy commentaries on that poet, his friend Lord Marchmont told him that he was convinced he was one of the vainest men living. 'How so?' says Pope. 'Because, you little rogue,' replied Lord Marchmont, 'it is manifest from your close connection with your new commentator you want to show posterity what an excellent poet you are, and what a quantity of dulness you can carry down on your back without sinking under the load.'"

Elsewhere we read (note the characteristic query of Malone):—

"Mr. Hamilton once observed to Bishop Warburton that he thought Pope was a cold man, notwithstanding all his talk about friendship and philosophy. 'No,' said the bishop, 'you are entirely mistaken; he had as tender a heart as any man that ever lived.' (Query.—Is the bishop a fair and impartial witness on this point?)"

From the description of Sir Joshua, we have a pencilling of Pope's personal appearance, more minute and curious than the passage in Northcote, on this very scene, would lead us to expect:—

"Sir Joshua Reynolds once saw Pope. It was about the year 1740, at an auction of books or pictures. He remembers that there was a lane formed to let him pass freely through the assemblage, and he proceeded along bowing to those who were on each side. He was, according to Sir Joshua's account, about four feet six high; very humpbacked and deformed; he wore a black coat; and according to the fashion of that time had on a little sword. Sir Joshua adds, that he had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which always are found in the mouths of crooked persons; and the muscles which run across the cheek were so strongly marked as to appear like small cords."

About Chatham, we read:—

"The late Lord Chatham (when Mr. Pitt) on some occasion made a very long and able speech in the Privy Council, relative to some naval matter. Every one present was struck by the force of his eloquence. Lord Anson, who was no orator, being then at the head of the admiralty, and differing entirely in opinion from Mr. Pitt,

got up, and only said these words,—‘My lords, Mr. Secretary is very eloquent, and has stated his own opinion very plausibly. I am no orator, and all I shall say is, that he knows nothing at all of what he has been talking about.’ This short reply, together with the confidence the council had in Lord Anson’s professional skill, had such an effect on every one present, that they immediately determined against Mr. Pitt’s proposition.

“A few weeks before Lord Chatham died, Lord Camden paid him a visit. Lord Chatham’s son, the present celebrated W. Pitt, left the room on Lord Camden’s coming in. ‘You see that young man (said the old lord); what I now say, be assured, is not the fond partiality of a parent, but grounded on a very accurate examination. Rely upon it, that young man will be more distinguished in this country than ever his father was.’ His prophecy is in part accomplished. At the age of twenty-four he was chancellor of the exchequer; and before he had attained his twenty-fifth year, had been offered, and refused, the place of first minister.”

About Charles Townshend, of whose brilliant power of repartee we have heard so much, but of whose spoken sarcasms we possess so few, there is here a little story:—

“When the late Mr. Harris of Salisbury made his first speech in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend asked, with an affected surprise, who he was? He had never seen him. ‘Ah! you must, at least, have heard of him. That’s the celebrated Mr. Harris of Salisbury, who has written a very ingenious book on *grammar*, and another on *virtue*.’ ‘What the Devil then brings him here? I am sure he will neither find the one nor the other in the House of Commons.’”

Malone kindly adds:—

“Mr. Townshend knew Mr. Harris well enough; but it was a common practice with him, as with other wits, to lay traps for saying good things.”

Here is a dismal bit of contemporary gossip on Sterne:—

“The celebrated writer, Sterne, after being long the idol of this town, died in a mean lodging, without a single friend who felt interest in his fate except Becket, his bookseller, who was the only person that attended his interment. He was buried in a graveyard near Tyburn, belonging to the parish of Marylebone, and the corpse being marked by some of the *resurrection men* (as they are called), was taken up soon afterward, and carried to an anatomy professor of Cambridge. A gentleman who was present at the dissection, told me he recognized Sterne’s face the moment he saw the body.”

Of Bolingbroke, we read:—

“Mr. Burke told me a few days ago, that the first Lord Lyttleton informed him that Lord Bolingbroke never wrote down any of his works, but *dictated* them to a secretary. This may account for their endless tautology. In company,

according to Lord Lyttleton, he was very eloquent, speaking with great fluency and authority on every subject, and generally in the form of *harangue*, rather than colloquial table-talk. His company all looked up to him, and very few *dared* to interrupt or contradict him.—*Dec.*, 1787.”

Of Garrick:—

“Mr. Garrick always took care to leave company with a good impression in his favor. After he had told some good story, or defeated an antagonist by wit or raillery, he often disappointed people who hoped that he would continue to entertain them and receive the praise and admiration they were ready enough to give. But he was so artificial that he could break away in the midst of the highest festivity, merely in order to secure the impression he had made. On this part of his character it was well said by Coleman, that he never came into company without laying a plot for an escape out of it. The part of ‘The Clandestine Marriage’ which he wrote was Lord Ogilby and Mrs. Heidelberg, as Caunterly who was in his house at the time, told Mr. Kemble. Caunterly was employed to transcribe the parts for the use of the theatre. In ‘The Jealous Wife’ he assisted by writing the character of Major Oakley. In that play, as written originally, the whole of the farce of ‘The Musical Lady’ was introduced; but Garrick persuaded Coleman to leave it out.”

Garrick is no great favorite with Malone. The point of the story is generally turned against the comedian’s breast. Here is a tale of a dull day, passed under Garrick’s hostship at Hampton—a tale told to Malone, it should be seen, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the heroes of the *fête*:—

“It happens sometimes to celebrated wits, by too great an effort to render a day from which much was expected quite abortive. Not long before Garrick’s death he invited Charles Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Sheridan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Beauchamp, and some others to dine at Hampton. Soon after dinner he began to read a copy of verses, written by himself on some of the most celebrated men of the time, including two or three of those who were present. They were not very well satisfied with their characters, and still less when describing Lord Thurlow, who was not present, he introduced the words ‘superior parts.’ Mr. Burke, speaking of his own character, said afterwards to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he was almost ready to have spat in his face. Garrick, finding the company uncommonly grave, in consequence of his unlucky verses, before they had drunk half a dozen glasses of wine proposed to adjourn to his lawn, where they would find some amusement. When there, the whole amusement consisted in an old man and a young one running backwards and forwards between two baskets filled with stones, and whoever emptied his basket first was to be the victor. Garrick expected that his guests would have been interested, and have betted on the runners; but between ill-humor with his verses and being dragged from

table the instant dinner had been finished, no interest whatever was expressed in what, from the anticipations of their host, so much had been expected. All was cold and spiritless—one of the most vapid days they had ever spent. If Garrick had not laid these plots for merriment, but let conversation take its common course, all would have gone well. Such men as I have mentioned could not have passed a dull day.—(From Sir Joshua Reynolds.)”

Here is a delightful scrap for those who believe—if there be any persons who still believe—in the authenticity of Grammont’s “Memoirs:”—

“Mr. Drumgoold, who has resided long at St. Germain, told Mr. Burke that old Grammont, whose ‘Memoirs’ are so entertaining, was a very cross, unpleasant old fellow. Count Hamilton, who really wrote the book, *invented* several of the anecdotes told in it, and mixed them with such facts as he could pick up from the old man, who was pleased to hear these tales when put into a handsome dress.”

Gibbon’s absence of mind when deeply engaged in his studies is one of the best known facts about the great historian. Malone gives us an odd illustration of this peculiarity:—

“Mr. Gibbon, the historian, is so exceedingly indolent that he never even pares his nails. His servant, while Gibbon is reading, takes up one of his hands, and when he has performed the operation lays it down, and then manages the other—his patient in the mean while scarcely knowing what is going on, and quietly pursuing his studies. The picture of him, painted by Sir J. Reynolds, and the prints made from it, are as like the original as it is possible to be. When he was introduced to a blind French lady, the servant happening to stretch out her mistress’ hand to lay hold of the historian’s cheek, she thought, upon feeling its rounded contour, that some trick was being played upon her with the *sitting* part of a child, and exclaimed, ‘*Fi done!*’ Mr. Gibbon is very replete with anecdotes, and tells them with great happiness and fluency.”

Malone adds, on the subject of contemporary testimony:—

“It would be very satisfactory if contemporaries would hand down to posterity their opinion concerning the likenesses of portraits of celebrated men of their time. It is for that I have introduced Mr. G.’s portrait above. Sir J. Reynolds is in general as happy in his likenesses as he is masterly in the execution of his pictures. His portraits of Dr. Johnson, of Mr. Boswell, Lord Thurlow, Lord Mansfield, Lord Loughborough, Lord Camden, Mr. Fox, Mr. Windham, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Burke, Charles Townshend, Dr. Burney, Baretti, Foote, Goldsmith, Mr. W. Mason, Mr. Andrew Stuart, and Mr. Pott are all extremely like. Concerning all these I speak according to the best of my judgment from personal knowledge. I do not think the portraits of Dr. and Thomas Warton are like.”

Something droll is noted about Gainsborough:—

“Soon after Gainsborough settled in London, Sir J. Reynolds thought himself bound in civility to pay him a visit. Gainsborough took not the least notice of him for several years, but at length called and solicited him to sit for his picture. Sir Joshua sat *once*; but being soon afterwards affected by a slight paralytic stroke, he was obliged to go to Bath. On his return to town perfectly restored to health, he sent Gainsborough word that he was returned; to which Gainsborough only replied, that he was glad to hear he was well; and never after desired him to sit, or called upon him, or had any other intercourse with him till he was dying, when he sent and thanked him for the very handsome manner in which he had always spoken of him; a circumstance which the president has thought worth recording in his fourteenth discourse. Gainsborough was so enamored of his art that he had many of the pictures he was then working upon brought to his bedside to show them to Reynolds, and flattered himself that he should live to finish them. (From Sir J. Reynolds.)—He was a very dissolute, capricious man, inordinately fond of women, and not very delicate in his sentiments of honor. He was first put forward in the world, I think, by a Mr. Fonnercaux, who lent him £300. Gainsborough, having a vote for an election in which his benefactor had some concern, voted against him. His conscience, however, remonstrating against such conduct, he kept himself in a state of intoxication from the time he set out to vote till his return to town, that he might not relent of his ingratitude. (From Mr. Windham.)”

From stories and gossip on Wilkes we extract some paragraphs:—

“The celebrated Mr. Wilkes, about the time when his *North Briton* began to be much noticed, probably when the first fifteen or twenty numbers had appeared, dined one day with Mr. Rigby, and after dinner honestly confessed that he was a ruined man, not worth a shilling; that his principal object in writing was to procure himself some place, and that he should be particularly pleased with one that should remove him from the clamor and importunity of his creditors. He mentioned the office of *governor of Canada*, and requested Mr. Rigby’s good offices with the Duke of Bedford, so as to prevail on that nobleman to apply to Lord Bute for that place. Mr. Rigby said, the duke had not much intercourse with Lord Bute; neither could it be supposed that his lordship would purchase Mr. Wilkes’ silence by giving him a good employment. Besides, he could have no security that the same hostile attacks would not be still made against him by Mr. Wilkes’ coadjutors, Lloyd and Churchill, after he had left England. Wilkes solemnly assured him there need not be the least apprehension of that; for that he would make Churchill his chaplain, and Lloyd his secretary, and take them both with him to Canada. The duke, at Rigby’s request, made the application. Lord Bute would not listen to it, and even treated the affair with contempt. When

this was told to Mr. Wilkes, he observed to Mr. Rigby that Lord B. had acted very foolishly, and that he might live to lament that he and his colleagues had not quitted England, as much as King Charles did that Hampden and Cromwell had not gone to America, after the famous representation of the state of the nation in 1641; for now he should never cease his attacks till he had made him the most unpopular man in England. He kept his word.—[From the information of Mr. J. Courtenay, who had it from Mr. Rigby.]

"The following epigram on Mr. Wilkes, in consequence of becoming a favorite at court in April, 1784, and having once more come into Parliament for Middlesex, in conjunction with the court candidate, Mr. Mainwaring, is better than the generality of newspaper productions:—

"Political Consistency.

"What! Liberty-Wilkes, of oppression the hater,  
Call'd a turncoat, a Judas, a rogue, and a traitor!  
What has made all our patriots so angry and sore?  
Has Wilkes done that now which he ne'er did before?

"Consistent was John all the days of his life;  
For he loved his best friends as he loved his own wife;  
In his actions he always kept self in his view,  
Though false to the world, to John Wilkes he was true!"

Malone had heard a very low character of Peter Pindar, if we may judge by this tiny photograph of the humorist:—

"The concealed author of 'Lyrick Odes,' by Peter Pindar, Esq., is one Woolcot, a clergyman, who abjured the gown, and now lives in Great Queen Street Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the character of a physician. He is likewise author of a scurrilous epistle lately published, addressed to James Boswell, Esq., March 4th, 1786. He is noted for impudence, lewdness, and almost every species of profligacy."

Among notes on David Hume, we find the following:—

"Mr. Burke told me he was well acquainted with David Hume, and that he was a very easy, pleasant, unaffected man, till he went to Paris as secretary to Lord Hertford. There the attention paid him by the French *belles savantes* had the effect of making him somewhat of a literary coxcomb. Mr. Burke said that Hume in compiling his History did not give himself a great deal of trouble in examining records, etc.; and that the part he most labored at was the reign of King Charles II., for whom he had an unaccountable partiality.

"Dr. Beattie, with whom I dined at Sir J. Reynolds' in July, 1787, mentioned that Mr. Hume was a very tall, large man, near six feet high, and his countenance rather vacant. All that knew him concur in opinion of his having been a very unaffected, good-humored man. He acknowledged to Mr. Boswell, that he did not

take much pains in examining the old historians while writing the early part of his history. He dipped only into them, so as to make out a pleasing narrative. It is manifest to me on reading Bacon's *Life of Henry VII.*, that that was the model on which Hume founded his plan. Bacon particularly recommends to the historian a review at the end of every reign of the laws enacted; of the progress of manners, arts, etc., which Hume has so successfully followed. It is surprising, on examining any particular point, how superficial Hume is, and how many particulars are omitted that would have made his book much more entertaining; but perhaps we have no right to expect this in a general history. For my own part, I am much more entertained with memoirs and letters written at the time, in which every thing is alive, and passes in motion before the eye."

Of Chesterfield—whom Lord Hervey described so vilely as "very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus,"—we have a great deal in Malone's notes. Some of his sayings have the true Chesterfield salt. We read:—

"Lord Chesterfield, when lord-lieutenant in Ireland, being asked one day whom he thought the greatest man of the time, said—'The last man who arrived from England, be he who he might.' There is some truth in this. Dublin depends a great deal on London for topics of conversation, as every secondary metropolis must; and the last man who arrives from the great scene of action (if of any degree of consequence) is courted as being supposed to know many little particulars not communicated by letters or the public prints. Every person in a distant country-town in England experiences something of this on the arrival of a friend from the metropolis."

"The late Lord Southwell (Thomas, third Lord), who was a relation of Lord Chesterfield, told me that he had left 'Memoirs of his own Times' behind him, which he (Lord S.) had seen in the possession of Sir W. Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's brother. But they have never been published."

"Lord C. is supposed to have had Johnson in his thoughts, in his description of a very awkward literary man, in one of his letters to his son."

"When Lord Chesterfield's 'Letters to his Son' were published, Dr. J. said they inculcated the morals of a strumpet and the manners of a dancing-master. Some other wit has not unhappily called them the *Scoundrel's Primer*.

"After all, these 'Letters' have been, I think, unreasonably decried; for supposing a young man to be properly guarded against the base principles of dissimulation, etc., which they enforce, he may derive much advantage from the many minute directions which they contain, that other instructors and even parents don't think it worth while to mention. In this, and almost every thing else, the world generally seizes on two or three obviously ridiculous circumstances, talks a great deal about them, and passes over



all the valuable parts that may still be found in the work, or in the character they are criticising. I have heard persons laugh at the noble writer's laying weight upon such trifling matters as paring nails, or opening a dirty pocket-handkerchief in company. Yet trifling as these instructions are, I have observed these very people greatly negligent in those very particulars. Lord Chesterfield, however, by his perpetual attention to propriety, decorum, *bien-séance*, etc., had so veneered his manners, that though he lived on good terms with all the world, he had not a single friend."

This is a story of Hayman, the painter:—

"Mendez, the Jew poet, sat to him for his picture, but requested he would not put it in his show-room, as he wished to keep the matter a secret. However, as Hayman had but little business in portraits, he could not afford to let his new work remain in obscurity, so out it went with the few others that he had to display. A new picture being a rarity in Hayman's room, the first friend that came in took notice of it and asked whose portrait it was. 'Mendez's.'—'Good heavens!' said the friend, 'you are wonderfully out of luck here. It has not a trait of his countenance.'—'Why, to tell you the truth,' said the painter, 'he desired it might not be known.'"

A usurer's view of the vice of drunkenness:—

"Mr. Cator, the money-lender, once speaking about drunkenness, instead of enlarging on the common topics, the universality of it, its obscuring men's faculties, producing quarrels, etc., observed that it was a most injurious practice, and might be attended with very bad effects; for no man who goes into company and indulges in wine, can know when he may be called out to make a bargain!"

For a word on the philosophy of lying late in bed, listen to the author of "The Castle of Indolence":—

"Thomson, the poet, was so extremely indolent, that half his mornings were spent in bed. Dr. Barney having called on him one day at

two o'clock, expressed surprise at finding him still there, and asked how he came to lie so long?—'Ecce, mon, because I had no *mot-tive* to rise,' was his sole answer. (From Dr. Burney.)"

We have given enough of these Maloniana to prove their literary interest. Before handing the volume over to a grateful reader, we shall take from it a parting present. Here are two or three miscellaneous notes and anecdotes:—

"Dryden has himself told us that he was of a grave cast and did not much excel in sallies of humor. One of his *bon-mots*, however, has been preserved. He does not seem to have lived on very amicable terms with his wife, Lady Elizabeth, whom, if we may believe the lampoons of the time, he was compelled by one of her brothers to marry. Thinking herself neglected by the bard, and that he spent too much time in his study, she one day exclaimed, 'Lord, Mr. Dryden, how can you be always poring over those musty books? I wish I were a book, and then I should have more of your company.'—'Pray, my dear,' replied old John, 'if you do become a book, let it be an almanac, for then I shall change you every year.'—(Mr. Horace Walpole.)"

"After Pope had written some bitter verses on Lady M. W. Montagu, he told a friend of his that he should soon have ample revenge upon her, for that he had set her down in black and white, and should soon publish what he had written. 'Be so good as to tell the little gentleman,' was the reply, 'that I am not at all afraid of him; for if he sets me down in black and white, as he calls it, most assuredly I will have him set down in black and blue.'—(The same.)"

"It was said of the late Lord Anson, that he never had any levees because he knew not how to talk, nor ever answered a letter because he scarcely knew how to write. This gives us a good idea of this famous navigator."

We have taken but a sprinkling of examples from these characteristic collections. Need we say one word in commendation of a book that vindicates itself by so many good things:—

"URCHIN is perhaps cognate with the Dutch *Urken*, a diminutive of *Urk*, which is still used in Holland for denoting a 'little fellow.' I know the word in English properly signifies a *hedgehog*, and as such is derived from the Dutch *Nurken*, properly a little grunter, and thus a *peevish little brat*. *Urk* is the name of a small islet in our *Zuiderzee*, from whence the proverb 'It is the

club of Urk.' Its patriotic inhabitants, it is said in the year 1787 resolved to exercise themselves in the management of arms. The club consisted of one person. May I propose *Urk* as the parent word of *urchin* (*little fellow*), and *Nurk* for *urchin* (*mischievous brat*)?

J. H. VAN LEXNAP.

—Notes and Queries.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Briefe von Alexander von Humboldt an Varnhagen von Ense, aus den Jahren 1827 bis 1858. Nebst Auszügen aus Varnhagens Tagebüchern und Briefen von Varnhagen und andern an Humboldt.* Fünfte Auflage, Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus: 1860.
2. *Letters of Alexander von Humboldt, written between the years 1827 and 1858, to Varnhagen von Ense. Together with Extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters from Varnhagen and others to Humboldt.* Authorized Translation from the German, with Explanatory Notes, and a full Index of Names. London: 1860.

SHORTLY after the publication of the first series of the Duke of Wellington's despatches, an advertisement appeared in a morning paper offering for sale, at a solicitor's office in Lincoln's Inn, two letters from his grace, the one written the very night of the battle of Waterloo, the other the day after. Colonel Gurwood was commissioned to purchase them; which he did, for the moderate price of £60. The duke, on their being placed in his hands, quietly put on his spectacles, read them through from beginning to end, and then thrust them between the bars of the grate, with the remark: "I was a d—d fool when I wrote those letters."

How heartily would Humboldt, and not a few of his distinguished correspondents, have echoed this exclamation could they have anticipated the publication with which Miss Ludmilla Assing has favored the carping, sneering, gossip-loving public of Berlin. How ardently they would wish that they had at least acted on Dr. Johnson's maxim, when he said: "It is now become so much the fashion to publish letters, that, in order to avoid it, I put as little into mine as I can." "Do what you will, sir," replied Boswell, "you cannot avoid it." Certainly no man or woman of note has the smallest chance of escape, if we once admit the principle that every thing for which a bookseller will pay, may be published by the representative of the individual to whom their letters were addressed. In this country the point is too clear for argument. The consent of the writer is indispensable, and the courts of equity will interfere to prevent a meditated breach of confidence. To give two instances amongst many, the publication of a volume of Sir Walter Scott's letters was prohibited at the instance of his executors, and the publication of the late Lord Dudley's delightful letters to Bishop Coplestone was for a time suspended. Be the municipal or positive law what it may, the moral obligation remains the same all the world over. Hum-

boldt could not transfer a privilege which he never possessed, and not the shadow of an excuse can consequently be alleged for printing the contents of an album or autograph book, into which most of the leading notabilities of both hemispheres had been stuck or pinned, with no more power of dissent or assent on their parts than if they had been so many butterflies in a glass case. In a letter (Sept. 9. 1844) to an English lady begging her for autographs, Varnhagen complains of the practice, "most frequent in England," of mutilating letters from motives of discretion; and to induce its discontinuance in his own case, adds: "My collection will be bequeathed entire to those who come after me, as an historic-literary monument of our and the immediately preceding period, so that here any misuse is the least to be feared."

This disposes at once of so much of the labored apology, prefixed to the third edition, as rests on some loose expressions of Humboldt's in delivering over the letters of the late Princess Lieven, Arago, and the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar into the custody of his friend. The portion of the apology referring to his own letters is confidently based on an extract from one of them (dated Dec. 7, 1841), which we have studied in every possible light without being able to discern the permission or authority which Miss Assing declares it to constitute or comprise. It is the motto of her compilation, and runs thus:—

"Your last letter so honorable for me, contained words which I should not like to misunderstand. "You scarcely permit to yourself the possession of my impieties (*Impietäten*). After my speedy decease you may deal as you please with such property. We only owe truth in this life to such persons as we deeply esteem, therefore it is due to you."

In glaring contrast to this, at least to the gloss put upon it, stands a written protest of Humboldt, brought to light by the controversy, in which, after saying that more than two thousand letters from his hand were annually thrown into circulation, he adds: "I contest the supposed right of property of those to whom private letters have come accidentally or by purchase:" and so far as in him lies, he prohibits "the printing of letters which he himself has not intended for the press." This the lady editor represents as quite reconcilable with her theory, that he did intend some letters for the press; that he reserved the right of authorizing their publication in special cases

\*Briefe an eine Freundin aus den Jahren 1844 bis 1853; von Varnhagen von Ense. Hamburg: 1860, p. 3. These, again, were obviously never intended for publication.

like the present; and that her uncle, being fully empowered to deal as he thought fit with his illustrious friend's "impieties," she, the niece, was in duty bound to print every scrap of his writing, without regard to the feelings of the living or the reputation of the dead.

"In fulfilling so sacred a duty it became an act of piety to let every word remain exactly as it was written down. To have presumed to alter his expressions would indeed have been to offer an insult to the shade of Humboldt!

"Therefore, I have necessarily paid no greater heed to the well-meant desire of my publishers, to make even the slightest alterations, than I did to my own personal wishes and inclinations. One thing only was here to be considered—eternal truth—truth which I owe to Humboldt, to history, to literature, and to the revered memory of him who has bequeathed to me this task. Behold then the bequest, unaltered and entire as it has been deposited in my hands!" (*Preface*, pp. ix, x.)

It has become, then, the height of piety to publish "impieties," by which Varnhagen, when he intimated his scruples in retaining possession of them, obviously meant the bitter personalities and irreverent comments which abound in the letters. Not one of these was to be suppressed or softened down. Every mischievous innuendo, like the allusion to the Princess Lieven as "Madame de Quitzow," with every perverse misrepresentation, like that which the Grand Duke of Weimar has certified under his hand to be "a lie," are essential parts of the eternal truth which is due to history, to literature, and to the honored shade of Humboldt!

In the original, if not in the translation, the concluding sentence of the all-important extract resembles one of those Delphic prophecies, the interpretation of which might be varied or reversed by a change in the punctuation or the emphasis. *Wahrheit ist man im Leben nur denen schuldig, die man tief achtet, also Ihnen.* All depends on the stress to be laid on the *im Leben* and the *nur*. Miss Assing determines and expounds the meaning thus:—

"It may be asked, why did Humboldt specially wish for the publication of the letters sent to my uncle?

"A plain and distinct answer to this question is given in the letter of December, 1841, in which spontaneously granting to my uncle the *wholly unsolicited* permission to publish the letters after his death, he says: 'We only owe truth in this life to such persons as we deeply esteem, therefore it is due to you.' The logical counterpart of which is: In *death* we owe it to *all*, and first and foremost to our own nation." (P. xvii.)

That we only owe truth in this life to such persons as we deeply esteem, would be a startling doctrine to emanate from a philosophic or well-regulated mind, unless for

"truth" we are to read "the whole truth," without which, indeed, the attempted inference or corollary falls to the ground at once. But if Humboldt thought that, after death, the whole truth was owing to all, why did he make any exceptions whatever? Why were any of his two thousand annual letters to be withheld? It strikes us that what he meant to say was neither more nor less than this: "The possession of my letters disquiets you, on account of sundry passages which may occasion scandal or give offence. But why should you be uneasy on that account, since after my death you will have the entire control of them, to suppress or publish as you like. We are only bound to be perfectly frank and open with those whom we highly esteem. We are not bound to take the whole world into our confidence."

The extracts from the Diaries are even more likely to make mischief and cause pain than the letters; yet those, too, are printed to fulfil a sacred obligation:

"As to the Diaries of my uncle, they are not to be considered as the jottings of mere idle moments. He repeatedly exacted from me the positive promise to publish them. Discussing this subject, shall I ever forget in what animated and impassioned speech he inveighed with crushing argument against those who indulged a mistaken tender regard for an individual at the expense of duty to the people and to historical truth! Foreseeing very clearly the objections which have now been raised against the publication, he described most accurately and pointedly their mental and intellectual sources.

"This is all I have to say. For myself the question is settled by the fact that I have only executed the behests of both the great departed." —(P. xviii.)

We have seen already that Varnhagen was under a distinct pledge as to autographs; and in reference to his wife's diary, printed for private circulation, he had said, "I have not knowingly selected a page which could be injurious to the living."\* Yet this is the man whose authority is evoked to sanction so gross a breach of the ordinary decencies of literature as may be read at p. 259 of the original, or p. 203 of the translation. There are expressions both in the letters and the extracts from the Diaries which (age and sex apart) would justify extreme measures of repression or retaliation. If we are to believe (what we hold to be incredible) that Varnhagen and Humboldt meant these for posthumous publication, they would come very nearly within the range of Dr. Johnson's rough remark on Bolingbroke's literary bequest to Mallet:—"Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward—a scoundrel, for charging a

\* Rahel: Ein Buch des Andenken für Ihre Freunde. Als Handschrift. Berlin: 1833, p. 3.

blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not the resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."

The editor's grand mistake, if she is acting in good faith, consists in her regarding the right of property in letters and diaries as involving the right and duty of printing the whole of them. The publishers of the translation, who term her justification "perfect," must be suffering from a corresponding amount of logical, if not moral, obliquity, when, to justify the reproduction of libels on living persons, they ask:—

"And with due deference to the established rules of literary propriety, it might after all be asked which is the most desirable—to be attacked while living and able to defend one's self, or to incur posthumous obloquy, which our surviving friends may or may not feel disposed to ward off from our memory?"

When the chickens were asked with what sauce they would prefer being eaten, they replied that they would rather not be eaten at all. Did it never occur to these worthy publishers, that there are persons who would wish to decline both of the alternatives thus obligingly suggested? The public are seldom eager to look a gift, or even stolen, horse in the mouth. We take the goods the booksellers provide us, without stopping to ask, or caring to know, how they came by them. Nay, we are sometimes disposed to quarrel with over-scrupulous trustees and executors, who, as in the case of the Byron autobiography, insist on the destruction of a literary treasure. "To do a great right, do a little wrong," is a maxim with which we might be tempted to comply upon occasions, although we should be puzzled to uphold it against Pascal. But when the right or probable gain is little, and the wrong great, the transgressor is universally and unequivocally condemned. Far be it from us to undervalue this book as a contribution to the history of science, literature, criticism, or society in Berlin, but its claims in this respect would have been very little, if at all, lessened by the omission of the most objectionable passages, and the proposition which we especially dispute is that the name and memory of Humboldt will derive fresh lustre from it as it stands. We knew already that he was endowed with many of the highest gifts of genius, that his energy was inexhaustible, his knowledge vast and varied, his intellect of the most comprehensive order, his imagination rich, his fancy versatile and lively, and his perceptions singularly quick. But we did not know, whatever we might suspect, that he had become envious and carping, wanting in charity and candor,

faithless even to the royal friend with whom he sat at meat, a backbiter and a flatterer. In short, his bad qualities are now brought out in bold relief, to the (we hope) temporary obscuration of the good. He suffers, as Voltaire suffered from the discovery that he had quarrelled with Frederic the Great about loafs of sugar and candle-ends, or as Pope will suffer from the recent revelation of the fact, that his sustained spite against Lady Mary Wortley Montague was first kindled by her sending back *uncashed* the sheets which he had lent her when they were neighbors at Twickenham; an incident which might have suggested to both of them, in more senses than one, the prudence of washing dirty linen at home.

A distinguished member of the Manchester School is wont to maintain that, after a certain age, men of eminence should be prohibited from propounding opinions in public, because their authority increases as their judgment and mental vigor decline.\* This would be rather hard on some of our octogenarian chancellors, or ex-chancellors, who exhibit no symptoms of decay; but the application of the rule to Humboldt would have been in every point of view a kindness and a boon. His ingrained propensity to satire had been kept under in early and middle life by the constantly shifting scenes of a stirring career, by lofty aims, by successful enterprises, by admitted triumphs, by growing and at length world-wide fame. It was unlucky that his later years were passed in an atmosphere peculiarly fitted to foster his defects. In Varnhagen's Diary for December 3d, 1841, Humboldt is reported to have ended a note with these words:—"How murky and oppressive is the atmosphere in this the evening of my life" (*Es ist für mich eine trübe, schwere Abendluft*)! Upon this Varnhagen remarks:—

"Hard to be Humboldt, and yet obliged to speak thus, on the pinnacle of honor and in the fulness of fame. There is in truth little that can be a source of pleasure to him, and nothing but his satirical vivacity makes life at this place in any degree tolerable to him."

Surely, if there was much to regret, there was little to pity, in his position and state of mind. He had only to act upon his own emphatic warning, in a letter to Rahel, February, 1838: "Guard carefully, *both of you*, your better nature (*Schonen Sie Beide Ihr besseres Sien*)."<sup>\*</sup> If he had chosen the cheering and elevating, instead of the meddling and depreciating tone, he would have been a wiser, a better, and a happier man. The

\* "La renommée, fruit d'une longue patience de vivre, augmente avec l'imbécillité." (*Humboldt to Varnhagen*, Nov. 20, 1856.)



bane and antidote were both before him; and it was more his fault than his misfortune if he persevered to the last in saying ill-natured things, or found himself at eighty almost in the condition of the hero (or heroine) of the well-known anecdote, who, by way of a new pleasure, was recommended to try the experiment of doing a little good.

The Upas-like influence of Berlin is the common excuse made for him. "Humboldt," observed one who disliked him to Varnhagen, "was a great man till he came to Berlin, there he became an ordinary one." This recalls a remark of Rahel's: "In Berlin nothing retains its place; every thing declines and becomes shabby: ay, if the pope himself were to come to Berlin he would not long remain the pope: he would become something ordinary, perhaps a riding-master (*bereiter*). Yet the more confined air of Weimar had no such influence on Goethe, who erred in the opposite extreme, and was prone rather to idealize mediocrity than to depress superiority. For our parts, we no more believe in the irresistible force of circumstances in narrowing the mind or souring the temper, than in the possible conversion of Mr. Darwin's aquatic bear into a whale; although if an elderly gentleman goes about, like the bear in question, for hours together with his mouth open, catching flies, he may become in due course a determined *gobemouche*.

It would seem, too, that Berlin itself is not quite past praying for, and that a man like Humboldt might have fought a good fight against the evil genius to which he succumbed without a blow. "This peculiarity of Berlin," adds Varnhagen, after confirming his wife's remark, "deserves, however, deeper investigation. It indicates a lively power of undeveloped greatness, and may, if developed into something positive, carry Berlin on to its highest fame; but if it stops short in the mere negative, it will of course become her shame! "Yonder," as Goethe somewhere observes, "live an irreverent race of men." The idea is somewhat similar."

The subject was one on which Varnhagen and his wife were admirably fitted to speak, for Rahel's *salon* was the most remarkable of which the Prussian capital could boast at any period; so remarkable, indeed that several distinct publications have been devoted to her, besides stray notices in profusion.\* She is the German Recamier; a very Ger-

\* See "Rahel und ihre Zeit, von E. Schmidt Weissenfels, Leipzig, 1857." Several notices by Custine, Brinkman, and others, are collected in the eighth (posthumous) volume of Varnhagen's "Denkwürdigkeiten," published in 1859. See also his "Galerie von Bildnissen aus Rahel's Umgang." Two volumes, Leipzig, 1836.

man Recamier, indeed, will probably be the cry of any Parisian *coquette* or *petitmaitre* whose feelings may be jarred like Coleridge's, when he heard Klopstock called the German Milton. But if Rahel had not the beauty and grace of her French rival, if she could not boast with equal truth of having had most of the celebrated men of Europe for adorers and kept them as friends, she had more heart and more mind, and she has left a more marked, a more durable, and we think on the whole a more enviable, impression of her individuality. She was of a Jewish family, and her maiden name was Levin. At the time of Varnhagen's first meeting with her she was the observed of all observers, as the heroine of a romantic passion, which, according to the current story, surpassed in intensity, exaltation, and unhappiness all that poets had sung.

"She appeared, a light, graceful, figure, small but well-formed, her foot and hand surprisingly small; the brow with its rich braids of dark hair, announced intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm dark glances caused a doubt whether they betrayed or took in most; a suffering expression lent a winning softness to the well-defined features. She moved about in her dark dress almost like a shadow, but with a free and sure step. What, however, overcame me most, was her ringing, sweet, and soul-reaching voice, and the most wonderful mode of speaking that I had ever met."—*Rahel, Ein Andenken, etc.*, p. 5.

This was in 1803. A German diplomatist, who passed an evening at her mother's in 1801, says that Frederic Schlegel, Gentz, Prince Radzivil, and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia (the brother of Madame de Recamier's admirer) were amongst the guests. Baron Brinkman gives an amusing account of her introduction to Madame de Stäel, whose final impressions were enthusiastic: "Elle est étonnante. Vous êtes bien heureux de posséder ici une amie pareille. *Vous me communiquerez ce qu'elle dira de moi.*" She was not married to Varnhagen till September 1814, when she was about forty-four and he thirty. A *soirée* in their house in 1829, described by a member of the diplomatic body, may be taken as a fair sample of their society, and will help us to judge whether the correspondence and the extracts from the Diary do justice to Humboldt in his happier mood. Besides Humboldt and the host and hostess, there were present Prince Pückler Muskau, General Cordova, Bettina von Arnim, and Professor Gans, the chief of the anti-historic school of jurisprudence. There was something sharp and ironical in Varnhagen that repelled the diplomatist.

"Humboldt," he continues, "who possesses

the gift of clothing the deepest earnestness in a pleasing garb, and bringing it forward one while as an apt anecdote, one while as scientific knowledge, one while as enlivening wit, was inexhaustible in communications of the most multifarious kind, by dint of which the subject was reflected in an ever new light. The different species of piety which he had observed in all spheres of his comprehensive knowledge of the world,—amongst the Anglicans, Quakers, and Methodists: in Paris, under Napoleon's concordat, and at the court of Charles the Tenth: amongst Spanish Catholics, and amongst savages on the Orinoco and the Mississippi,—he classified them all, as a botanist his plants, according to fixed characteristic signs, and was anxious to examine those of the Berlin hypocrisy more nearly, to fix genus and species more confidently. But in the end he appeared to regard all kinds as artificial and corrupted varieties of one simple plant, which, in its genuine, original state, is only to be found in lonely, still places."—*Denkwürdigkeiten*, vol. viii. p. 622.

Rabel died in 1833, and Humboldt's letter of condolence is one of those that do honor to his heart. Her death was a misfortune both to him and his friend, for her influence was uniformly of the elevating and softening sort; and when she was gone, they both fell more and more into the depressing and depreciating vein. It required a woman's delicacy of perception and tact to harmonize the circle she had formed; where men bred in courts and camps, deeply imbued with the pride of birth and rank, were brought to mingle with authors and professors stiff from the library or the lecture-room; and we can easily conceive how two or three of these (personally well known in England) fell under the lash of the coterie when their natural protectress was no more. Varnhagen had been a diplomatist and a soldier, and Humboldt a minister plenipotentiary. Both were nobly born, and from habits and education were irresistibly led to side with the scorners. Conspicuous amongst these stood Prince Pückler Muskau, whose printed travels had the disagreeable and unforeseen effect of restricting his highness' favorable reception to countries, like the east, where female honor is not easily assailable through books.\* Another was an old Prince von Wittgenstein, who had an ample share of the peculiarities justly or unjustly laid to the charge of the late Mr. Rogers. Whenever a disagreeable thing was to be said or suggested, he was pretty sure to hit upon it. It was he who took upon himself what he no doubt found the agreeable task

of hinting to Goethe that he had better not risk a visit to Berlin, lest his reception should not correspond with his merits and expectations.\* Political and religious differences were not wanting to embitter the rivalries or enmities of caste; and when we call to mind that, even in this bustling and overgrown metropolis, statesmen and philosophers cannot always be prevented from levelling damaging sarcasms or still more damaging innuendos at one another, we cease to wonder that hard measure was dealt out to Radowitz, Bunsen, Eichhorn, Savigny, or Raumer in a capital, where the genius of the place breathes bitterness as naturally as an Alpine breeze braces the nerves or the air of Paris inspires gaiety.

The provocation was not all on one side. It was diamond cut diamond in Berlin. On the 30th of April, 1841, Varnhagen sets down in his diary that Humboldt has many enemies amongst the men of letters as well as at the court, and that unceasing attempts are made to run him down. They were in the habit of alluding to him as the Archpriest of Chimborazo. He was painfully conscious of this hostility. In a letter, April, 1837, he declines to read a portion of his "Cosmos" before more than ten or twelve persons, because Berlin is "a little, unliterary, and over-spiteful town." The king stood gallantly by his illustrious friend:

"The king had been already informed that the book [the *Kosmos*] was antichristian and revolutionary. So far from that being the case,† however, the king writes to me, that 'he could only say, like Alfonso to Tasso, "And so at length I hold it in my hands, and call it in a certain sense my own."‡ This is poetical, and very courteous."

The footing on which he stood with the king is incidentally elicited by (probably no unfrequent occurrence) a misreport of what had passed at the royal table:—

"As I always sit opposite the king, I converse aloud only with him, but very freely, because I know that people will repeat my sayings fashioning them each according to his own style of coloring, in a country where, besides, many a hint of delicate censure is lost, owing to the utter want of settled conversational language."

Their intimacy appears from such notes as this:—

"Cherissime Humboldt, vous connaissez tous les prétendants à toutes les couronnes—lisez, de

\* "Was schiert mich der Berliner Bann?  
Geschmäcker—Paffenwesen!  
Und wer mich nicht verstehen kann,  
Der lerne besser lesen."—Goethe.

† The original is *dagegen*, "on the other hand."

‡ "So halt' ich's endlich denn in meinen Händen,

Und nenn' es in gewissem Sinne mein."

—Goethe's "Tasso," Act. i. Sc. 3.

\* His "Briefe eines Verstorbenen" are best known in England in the admirable version of Mrs. Austin, under the title of "Letters of a German Prince" in which many passages are suppressed or rendered harmless by the omission of names.

grâce, la lettre ci-jointe et faites-moi connaître le seigneur Cados, ses père et mère et aïeux, ainsi que ses droits à la couronne de France, que je tâcherai alors à lui procurer.

"FREDERIC GUILLAUME.  
"B. 21 févr. 1839." "Pr. royal.

On December 26th, 1845, Varnhagen records:—

"Humboldt paid me a visit, and remained more than an hour. He made a remarkable communication to me. He assures me that but for his connection with the court he should not be able to live here. So much was he hated by the Ultras and the Pietists that he would be exiled. The pains they took daily to prejudice the king against him were incredible; and he would be as little tolerated in other German states were he once to be deprived of the protection afforded him by the *prestige* of his office."

He could hold his own against the strongest of his assailants, and occasionally made them repent of their aggressiveness:—

"General Leopold von Gerlach, who cannot leave off teasing, lately ventured to make an attack on Humboldt by saying to him, 'I suppose your excellency often goes to church now?' He hoped thereby to put him in a dilemma. But Humboldt answered at once, 'That now of yours is very kindly put in: you mean to point out to me how to make my way in the world.' The canting jester was regularly dumbfounded!"

To understand the full force of another of his repartees, it must be remembered that the Russian faction were constantly struggling for supremacy in the councils of Prussia:—

"At the royal table of Sans Souci the conversation turned on a Russian ordinance, and Humboldt in speaking of it mentioned the name of the Minister of Public Instruction several times. 'You are mistaken,' interrupted the king; 'this was not the work of the Minister of Instruction, but of the Minister of Enlightenment. That's quite another person from the Minister of Instruction.' Humboldt, without being put out, accepted the correction by hastily adding, 'Not the Minister of Instruction then, but of the contrary;' and then continued in his usual way."

The deliberate judgment of so critical an observer as Humboldt on an historical personage who has been so much discussed as Frederic William the Fourth, would carry the greatest weight if we could get at it apart from partialities and antipathies; and though such influences are only too apparent in most of his recorded opinions, we can still, by the collation of passages, arrive at a tolerable approximation towards the truth. A journey to Paris had the effect of making him, if possible, less indulgent towards things or people in Berlin. On his return from a mission to the king of the French in

March, 1843, he visits Varnhagen who writes thus:—

"Humboldt came to see me to-day; he has aged much since I saw him last; but his mind and heart are both fresh and vigorous. He was cheerful and happy whilst in Paris, but here at once a melancholy mood has come over him. What he found here was wretchedness; the old well-known way of trifling with dangerous things in childish hilarity. Besides, he is overwhelmed with complaints and demands. Every one wishes him to speak—to use his influence. 'Influence,' he exclaims, 'nobody possesses! not even Bunsen and Radowitz, the king's favorites; they can do nothing but humor the fancies and foibles they detect, serve and sacrifice to them, and if they were to want any thing which lay beyond that sphere, it would soon be all over with them. The king does just what he likes, and what results from his early fixed opinions; and if perchance he listens to advice, it has no weight with him.' He speaks with contempt of Eichhorn and Savigny, as hypocritical sycophants, who allow themselves to be led by Thiele, Gerlach, and Hengstenberg. The king has given up none of his former plans, and he may any moment make new attempts with them in reference to the Jews, the keeping of Sunday, the consecration of bishops in the Anglican fashion, the new arrangements regarding the nobility, etc. He forms plans as if he were to live to become a hundred years old; he thinks of erecting immense buildings, of laying out parks and gardens, of carrying out great works of art, and also of travels. A visit to Athens has already been mooted, and in the background there no doubt looms a pilgrimage to Jerusalem! Napoleonic expeditions of peace to London, St. Petersburg, and to the Orient, and conquests of scholars and artists instead of countries! Art and fancy on the throne, fanatical jugglery round about, and hypocritical abuse in sport! and with all that, a man truly intellectual, truly amiable, and animated with the best will! What will all this come to!"

The same views are expressed a few days afterwards (April 1st) when occasion is taken to have another slap at Bunsen:—

"The king, he says, is occupied with nothing but his fancies, and these are mostly spiritual and religious, rituals, church-buildings, missions, and the like. About earthly matters he takes little care, and whether Louis Philippe's death brings about a crisis, what may happen at that of Metternich, or what our relations are with Russia, are matters of perfect indifference, nay, he hardly gives them a thought. Whoever is favorite for the time and manages to indulge his fancies, has the game in his own hands. Bunsen, Radowitz, and Canitz stand highest with him; Stolberg, only in the second rank. With all that, there is the greatest absence of mind and thoughtlessness."

"Bunsen has not grown wiser. He proposed to the king to buy California, to send missionaries there, etc. He energetically favors the enterprises of Baroness Helfert. He wished to

send out his own son with her, and offered to supply from his private means £12,000 sterling towards establishing colonies where the missions should form the principal element. However, he withdrew his offer, seeing that he could not rely on the sympathies of the king. . . .

"Humboldt thinks him vain enough to accept a place in the cabinet. It seems to me that Humboldt has by far too much intercourse with Bunsen, and shows him too much friendship."

The diarist hazards the concluding remark in apparent unconsciousness of the serious imputation that may be based upon it. Humboldt's outward bearing too friendly towards the man of whom he never writes or speaks (behind his back) without a sneer! Baron Bunsen's private worth and public services, profound learning, zeal to promote religion, and genuine philanthropy, are so well known in this country, that no misrepresentation of his character or conduct can do him harm; or we should not feel justified in giving additional publicity to these repeated displays of unprovoked bitterness. We are far from concurring in many of his peculiar views, especially on ecclesiastical matters, and we can readily believe that his eagerness to forward them may have made him an unsafe counsellor for a king who was unduly prone to be led astray by sentiment or imagination. But, if he erred, he erred in perfect good faith and honesty of purpose; and his influence, commonly exercised from a distance, was of too intellectual and refined an order to be confounded with the arts by which royal favor is ordinarily won and kept.

General Radowitz, again, was not less admired for the extent and variety of his attainments and accomplishments than esteemed for the unswerving rectitude of his conduct. His introduction to the Prussian court was exclusively owing to the sacrifices he had incurred in the cause of truth and honor for a daughter of Prussia. He threw up all his appointments in 1848, rather than lend the smallest sanction to a line of action which he disapproved, and when he was recalled in April, 1849, it was to become the organ of constitutionalism. The effect of his speech in developing the new scheme of government and policy in the Second Chamber on the 25th August, is described as electrical. "At the conclusion," writes a distinguished adversary, "the applause knew no bounds; the enthusiasm was such as the Hungarians felt when Maria Theresa presented herself to them. The right and the left, the centre and the first chamber, applauded together. The galleries clapped lustily; it was only in the diplomatic ranks that we observed hands which knew well how to applaud Fanny Cerito, abstain from

giving any sign of applause. *Chacun a son goût.*"

A man capable of acting such a part on such a stage, is not the wood of which weak-minded, vain, flattery-loving, or pleasure-seeking princes make courtiers; and so long as his faculties remained unimpaired, Frederick William the Fourth was not a sovereign of whose companionship the most fastidious stickler for independence of thought, or freedom of speech, in confidential intimacy could feel ashamed. Like Joseph the Second of Austria, or Louis of Bavaria, or our own Charles the Second, the unhappy king of Prussia was endowed with qualities which, though misplaced, useless, or even dangerous upon a throne, would have given an irresistible charm to his companionship, had his destiny been cast in a private station. He had not the iron will, the comprehensive foresight, the knowledge of men, the unity or steadfastness of purpose, the grasping ambition, the insensibility to suffering, and the intense selfishness, without which talents and hereditary power combined are rarely converted into instruments of greatness. But he had taste, fancy, generosity, sensibility, tenderness, and wit. He could enjoy a Greek play, or weep over a modern melodrama. He could appreciate every description of artistic excellence, whether exhibited in an opera by Spontini, a picture by Cornelius, a poem of Goethe's, or a statue of Rauch's. He could draw plans and landscapes, and write verses. He had read and talked, if not thought, a good deal about forms of government, but his notions about them were too loose and fanciful for practical application in serious times, and when the crisis of 1848 arrived, we might have soliloquized like Hamlet:—

"The time is out of joint; oh! cursed spite!  
That ever I was born to set it right."

"On his coming to the throne," writes a clever but satirical observer,\* "he looked about for what had given him most pleasure during youth in verse or prose, and upon one and the same ear of triumph arrived, to take up their winter-quarters in Berlin, the poet Tieck with his unstrung lyre, the painter Cornelius with his disarranged pallet, the philosopher Schelling with a confused philosophy, the poet Rückert with an hypo-chondriacal poetry." At a masked ball, got up with artistic skill under the direction of Cornelius, the king is described lounging through the rooms, in a black domino, with his glass to his eye, bowing gracefully on either hand till he catches sight of M. von Sternberg. "The king remained standing

\* "Erinnerungsblätter von A. von Sternberg," Leipzig: 1867. Zweiter Theil, p. 86.



and addressed to me some friendly words about my book (a novel). These words were really friendly, and the so-called friendly words of princes are not always so. Neither before nor since have I known or found a man with such a winning expression in gesture and word as this prince has at his command." . . . "It is unnecessary to say any thing of his personal appearance; it is not attractive, if attractiveness is placed in the elegance and beauty of form and feature; but it is attractive in the highest degree, if the benevolent, friendly, animated expression is taken into the account."

In an able article on Berlin and its society in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," M. Blaze de Bury confirms this account:—

"Let us beware of forgetting the intellectual expression amongst the characteristic signs of this royal physiognomy. He should have been seen after dinner, with his cup of coffee in his hand, going from one to another, and talking of every thing with a spirit, a piquancy, a felicity of *mots* for which the editors of the 'Kladderadatsch' (the German 'Punch') would assuredly have much envied him. Rarely on these occasions did old Tieck strike in; he listened, whispering with his neighbor, but his malicious smile seemed to say: 'I, also, I have wit; and so much, so much, that I have made it very difficult for others to have any.'"

Tieck had his revenge on the evenings fixed for his celebrated readings, which also formed the grand attraction of his own evening parties at Dresden. The king seated at a table, amusing himself with sketching or tracing architectural designs with a pencil: the ladies had their knitting and embroidery as a resource; the male part of the audience got through the treat or infiction as well as they could, not unfrequently yawning, and sometimes indulging in a nap.

We could almost find it in our hearts to regret that the calm current of so pleasurable an existence should have been ruffled by the duties and cares of sovereignty. They eventually proved too much for him; he sank into a profound melancholy, which rendered him unequal to the administration of affairs, and the kingly office devolved on his brother, the present regent; who undertook it with unfeigned reluctance, and has uniformly declared that, if his suffering relative's vigor in action had equalled his sagacity in council, neither Prussia nor Europe would have had reason to complain. His vacillation produced the worst consequences in the autumn of 1853, when Radowitz, who might have animated him to a more decisive course, was dying. On the 9th of August, 1855, Humboldt writes:—

"The prince, whom I take to be a lover of truth, assured me that, faithful to his principles,

he had spoken out everywhere to the purport, that war would probably have been avoided if Prussia and Austria from the very beginning had earnestly and actively co-operated with the Western Powers against Russia. At Petersburg they had objected that the Emperor Nicholas would not have yielded, even in this case, which he, the prince doubted."

Varnhagen's report throws the entire blame on Prussia:—

"Speaking of the Prince of Prussia, Humboldt said the prince had said at St. Petersburg, just as he had previously done here, that the war would have been avoided if Prussia, at the very outset, had assumed a resolute attitude; the Emperor Nicholas would then have yielded. . . .

"Speaking of the position of Prussia, Humboldt said it reminded him of a pleading which he had once heard in Paris; the counsel for the prosecution, in the matter of a box on the ear, had wound up, triumphantly exclaiming: '*Au fond nous n'avons pas reçu le soufflet, nous n'avons eu que le geste!*'"

Humboldt is at some pains to refute an imputation of republicanism, founded on his saying that he was as liberal as Arago. If he was as liberal as Arago, and was wont moreover to take a cosmopolitan rather than an orthodox view of religion, we need go no further to account for his mode of speaking of the Prussian statesman who belonged to the Conservative and pietistic school. Nothing can be happier than his manner of pointing and feathering his shafts:—

"You have praised my endeavors—the object of my highest ambition—to avoid fossilization, so long as I am permitted to be active, and to hold fast to the belief that 'Nature had laid her curse upon stagnation.' Youth is the emblem of Progress, and the ruling powers here (the Berlin world-elephants) *sont des momies en service extraordinaire*. Good-night."

"When Parry, on the ice, wanted to reach the pole with his numerous Samojede dogs, sledges and dogs apparently went forward. When, however, the sun broke through the mist and the latitude could be ascertained, it was found that, without being aware of it, they had actually gone several degrees backwards. The ground over which they moved forward was a detached field of ice carried south by the current. Ministers are this moving icy ground. Is the current the dogmatizing Missionary Philosophy?"

It could not be objected to Humboldt that, in criticising practical politicians, he was speaking theoretically; for he had tried his hand, and shown that his genius could efficiently adapt itself to their ordinary work:—

"Read to-day (writes Varnhagen, November 21st, 1841) Alexander von Humboldt's Despatches, written from Paris in 1835, to the king. Not the least like what comes from Alexander Humboldt! They might have been written by

anybody, and, worst of all, no one could have written them otherwise than they are! Such is the nature of political affairs. They resolve themselves into trifles of no intrinsic importance, but made weighty from a general understanding that they shall be so regarded. Add to this the stereotyped hypocrisy of forms and assumptions, and exaggerations, and truth must ever be in danger of being lost. And I examined myself, and confessed that were I once engaged in the like matter, I too, should be unable to raise myself out of this groove! And then, people wonder that in England and France journalists become ministers! As though very ordinary despatches were not infinitely easier to write than first-rate leading articles!"

It is true that, during the ten years included in M. Louis Blanc's celebrated history, journalism was a frequent stepping-stone to power or place in France. It is also undeniable that politicians of all grades occasionally contribute to newspapers in England. But there is not a single instance to our knowledge of an English newspaper writer becoming a minister by his articles; although it is not the less true that it is far easier to write the despatches that figure in our blue books, than the best leading articles of the "Times."

The *odium theologicum*, which has passed into a proverb, must be a myth if such a comparison as the following could be forgiven:—

"He (Humboldt) had, in a box, a live chameleon, which he showed me, and of which he said 'that it was the only animal which could direct one of its eyes upwards, while looking downwards with the other; only our parsons were as clever, directing one eye to heaven, and the other to the good things and advantages of the world.'

"I am pestered (he said) in my old age as if by midge stings (*mückenstichen*) and, to crown all, I have the honor of being consulted, from time to time, by an extra-super-Christian, Mr. Forster (resident at Brussels), as to whether I believe the souls of the lower order of animals come within the scope of *redemption*—whether, in fact, bugs and midges are to be partakers of heavenly bliss. If they are, I am threatened with them hereafter, and therefore shall find those well-known 'animal spirits' with which I have made such close acquaintance on the Orinoco, hymning their songs of praise."

From Nebraska he had been requested to pronounce his opinion on the "whereabouts" of the swallows in winter. Varnhagen asked him if this was not an open question. "Yes," he replied, "I know as little about it as anybody; but I have not written that to the people at Nebraska, because we ought never to confess such a thing."

It is difficult to believe such an instance of sanctified prejudice as this:—

"The vilest fellow of the whole concern is

Privy-Councillor N——, a mean sneak and hypocrite, full of hatred and venom. 'The Garcia cannot sing here,' he said some time ago, 'she is too "red" for that;' every representation that her singing would not be red, being in vain, I at last said to him, 'Well, then, send to Bethania,\* and let the deaconesses sing.' He will be happy to see me underground."

Privy-Councillor N—— was not alone in this charitable wish:—

"It was said, on the presence of Humboldt, the day before yesterday (25th September, 1853), at the sitting of the Ecclesiastical Board, that the parsons had had among them their worst enemy, the Naturalist, who had put them all to shame, and before whom all their humbug and deceit vanished. 'Abellino (a famous bandit) among you,' one might have called out to them."

Kingcraft fares no better than priestcraft in his hands:—

"And then the cheering sight of four Crown Princes and Heirs Apparent: the one a pale Asiatic creature, the next a besotted Icelandic, the third a blind political fanatic, and the fourth obstinate, opinionated, and feeble-witted. Such is the future monarchical world!"

The date is June, 1842; and the translator states, in a note, that the four meant were the Crown Prince of Wirtemberg and the heirs apparent (now kings) of Denmark, Hanover, and Bavaria.

In January, 1842, the king of Prussia came to England to attend the christening of the Prince of Wales.† Humboldt accompanied him, though strongly disapproving the expedition, as originating with Bunsen, and as likely to lead to "an intimate union with the Anglican Church and the Tories—downright ruin." On his return (February 24th, 1842,) he called on Varnhagen:—

"Humboldt has given me a very favorable account of England. At court, great splendor, but a simple and natural mode of private life; conversation easy and friendly, and good-natured in its tone, even between the members of rival political factions. Peel he does not like, did not like him before, says that he looks like a Dutchman, is rather vain than ambitious, has narrow views. Lord Aberdeen's taciturnity is invincible. It has not, however, the effect of making folks believe he could if he would say something good. Bunsen has, in numerous instances, shown an utter want of tact: all the world is against him. The king more than ever disposed to take

\* House of Protestant Sisters of Mercy in Berlin.—Tr.

† The following lines, forming part of the description of the assemblage at the ceremony, by Leigh Hunt, are said by the editor of his "Poetical Works" to allude to the king of Prussia and A. Von Humboldt—

"And princes, and the genial king,  
With the wise companioning;  
And the mild manhood, by whose side  
Walks daily forth his two years' bride."

his part. Even Englishmen say, 'The whole affair of the king's journey is only an intrigue of Bunsen's.' "

Humboldt's treatment of the prince consort was alone sufficient to prove the inaccuracy and perversity of his impressions, and the tenacity of his prejudices, when his self-love had been wounded. Instead of thanking him immediately for the first volume of the "Kosmos," the prince waits till he has read it, and then (February 7th, 1847) writes a very flattering letter, which ends thus :—

"May Heaven, of whose 'revolving seas of light and terraces of stars' you have given us so noble a description, preserve you for many years to the Fatherland, the world, and to 'Kosmos' itself, in unimpaired freshness of body and mind. This is the sincere wish of

"Yours very sincerely, ALBERT."

A copy of "Catterwood's Views in Central America" accompanied the letter. Humboldt thus comments on the epistle and the gift :—

"As to Prince Albert, I had, at his request, when he was at Stolzenfels, ordered a copy of my 'Kosmos' to be laid in his apartment, and he had the politeness not to thank me for it. Now the black bird\* has made him polite, at least partly that, and partly —. He makes me speak of 'revolving seas of light and terraces of stars;' a Coburg reading of my text, quite English, from Windsor, where all is full of terraces. In 'Kosmos' there occurs once the expression *star-carpet*, to explain the starless spots made by openings in the firmament. The book on Mexican monuments, which he makes me a present of, I bought two years ago. A fine illustrated edition of Lord Byron's works would have been a more delicate compliment. It is strange, too, that he never mentions Queen Victoria; who, perhaps, does not find my book on nature sufficiently Christian. You see, I judge severely when princes write."

A week later he writes :—

"You were right in scolding me for my too great severity against the man of the star-terraces. I am severe only with the mighty ones, and this man made an uncomfortable impression on me at Stolzenfels. 'I know that you sympathize greatly with the misfortunes of the Russian Poles. Unfortunately, the Poles are as little deserving of our sympathy as the Irish,' *michi dixit!* And we are the handsome husband of the queen of Great Britain!"

It is difficult to conceive any thing more ungracious or unjust. That the remark on the Russian Poles and the Irish was ever made in sober seriousness by his royal highness, is in the highest degree improbable. He was not bound to know that Humboldt already possessed Catterwood's work, or would have preferred a handsome edition of

\* The Prussian Order of the Black Eagle.

Byron; and if we were to choose between star-terraces and star-carpets, we should say that star-terraces is the less prosaic metaphor of the two.

The Grand Duke of Weimar adopted a decisive and summary mode of parrying a still more mischievous attack contained in an extract from the diary :—

"Once after a gentleman not belonging to the nobility (*Bürgerlicher*) had left the company, he (the grand duke) expressed with great satisfaction the comfortable feeling, 'Now we are amongst ourselves.' Another time, when it was noticed that there were thirteen at the dinner-table, he replied, consolingly, that 'there were two commoners (*Bürgerlicher*) amongst them, who did not count for any thing!' And this he told Humboldt in French, because, as he said, 'these two would not understand that.' "

The grand duke wrote on the margin opposite the passage, "*This is a lie*—Karl Alexander," and then deposited the book in the library at Weimar.

Humboldt has been equally unlucky in the attempt to turn the Duke of Coburg-Gotha into ridicule, for aspiring to the title of the king of Eastphalia. We are assured that this was a project of Chevalier Bunsen's, and was never regarded by the duke or the king of Prussia in any other light than as a subject of jocularity.

It may be some consolation to the prince consort to find that no amount of deference, and no height of celebrity, are sufficient to protect Humboldt's correspondents from his malice, if there is an ambiguous or infelicitous phrase to fasten upon. He is not quite content with Manzoni's most elaborate epistle, and when Metternich compliments him, on his eightieth birthday, with having made a noble use of his *fortune morale*, he dryly remarks, "The phrase '*votre fortune morale*' is very freely applied." Madame de Lieven fares nearly as badly as the prince consort :—

"Madame de Quitzow, who has never written to me for the last twenty-five years, wants to know from me, whether the Emperor Paul, during the epoch of his political insanity, had caused the proposal to be made by Kotzebue, that instead of the armies, the ministers of foreign affairs should engage in single combat. I was at that time (1799 and 1800), traversing the Delta of South America, and had no knowledge whatever of the anecdote which the Russian princess (who, as it now appears to me, has a very strong leaning towards western ideas and predilections), wishes to have authenticated. According to rather untrustworthy accounts which I have gathered, the proposal was, that the monarchs themselves, not the ministers, should enter the lists for the duel."

No one would suppose that he had, by assiduous court, invited a communication. Her letter to him begins :—

"Vous ne m'avez pas oublié, mon cher baron. Je le sais par deux messages bienveillants que le baron Brockhausen m'a portés de votre part. Je l'ai bien chargé de vous en témoigner ma vive reconnaissance, mais je trouve mieux encore de vous la dire moi-même. Aujourd'hui je la fais servir de passeport à une question que je me permets de vous adresser."

Then comes the inquiry; Paul's proposal, as she states it, being that the belligerent powers, great and small, should submit their quarrel to trial by battle in the persons of their ministers, Pitt, Thugut, etc.: whether they were to form two parties, or fight a quadrilateral or quinquelateral duel, does not appear. As Francis the First challenged Charles the Fifth, and Frederic William of Prussia and George the Second had arranged the preliminaries of a meeting, the notion of a combat between monarchs was too commonplace to have fastened on the imagination of the czar.

The sentence passed by Humboldt and Varnhagen on Lord Normanby loses force by exaggerated severity and coarseness of expression. On the 8th March, 1858, Varnhagen writes:—

"Humboldt sends me, with some friendly lines, the book of the Marquis of Normanby on the Revolution of 1848. He calls it an indiscreet and almost silly book. I call it a stupid, and, as far as its contents are concerned, a treacherous one; it shows how injurious it is to have anything to do with diplomatists, especially with an unofficial one, as the marquis then was, to whom both Lamartine, as well as Cavaignac, have lent too ready an ear. He is one of the dullest and most tedious Englishmen that ever existed."

On the 9th of March, 1858:—

"Read farther in Normanby. He is a poor simpleton, but, by means of his ill-written (*schlechten*) book, one learns how to understand sufficiently the contemptibility of Louis Philippe, the baseness of Guizot—the destructive influences of sneaks and rogues. Moreover, he is a master in the art of toning down all that is most animated and buoyant in these mighty events to mortal tediousness."

Lord Normanby's book was not of a nature to do much mischief to those whose characters he attacked, but so far as his own reputation was concerned, it had better have been suppressed.

We can only venture to copy a part of the remarks on French personages and politics in January, 1852:—

"About one o'clock Humboldt called. He is wonderfully active for his years! He is indignant at the *coup d'état* in France, the exercise of brute force, the arbitrary banishments, but especially at the confiscation of the Orleans property. The king at first was in high glee.

He, as well as the court, thought little of the crime committed against the people and their representatives; against justice, and in violation of a solemn oath. But that the adventurer allows universal suffrage to remain; that he leans upon the people and practises socialism, and, above all, that he aspires to an imperial crown, this it is which makes them hate him!"

It is worthy of remark, that the higher classes in England did not become alive to the full extent of the outrage against law justice, and morality perpetrated by the *coup d'état*, until the confiscation of the Orleans property, a foolish as well as wicked measure, yet certainly not equalling in atrocity the bloodshed, the perjury, and the rest of the wholesale robbery involved in the usurpation. On the 5th February, 1852, Humboldt writes:—

"It has ever been my opinion, that even the wildest republic can never do as great and lasting injury to the intellectual progress of mankind, and to its consciousness of its inherent titles of honor, as *le régime de mon oncle, le despotisme éclairé, dogmatique, mielleux*, which avails itself of all the contrivances of civilization to make the will and caprice of one man paramount."

The *régime de mon oncle*, besides its present degrading and demoralizing influence, is laying the train for an incalculable amount of future misery. If it lasts many years longer, the French will have unlearned all they had painfully learnt of parliamentary or representative government, and their return to free institutions will be the signal for a new succession of disorders, ending probably in a fresh resort to despotism.

It is one of the redeeming points about Humboldt, that he is invariably clear-sighted and uncompromising when liberty is at stake, and is fired with just anger whenever a tale of oppression is repeated to him. Thus, when Mr. Brooks received honors instead of punishment for his dastardly attack on Mr. Sumner, Humboldt writes:—

"Thus the infamous party, which sells negro children of fifty pounds' weight, and gives away canes of honor (as the Russian Emperor does swords of honor, and as Gräfe (a surgeon) makes noses of honor), proving that all white laborers had also better be slaves than freemen,—has triumphed. What a monstrosity!"

In a literary and scientific point of view, the letters in which Humboldt consults Varnhagen about the "*Kosmos*," are most valuable in the collection. Varnhagen combined a mastery of language, and a felicity of style, with a precision of thought and a refinement of judgment, which are rarely found united. He was regarded by his illustrious friend, who mistrusted himself in the mechanical parts of authorship, as an oracle for form



and expression; "You alone are my literary counsellor, you in whom depth of feeling is blended with so wonderfully harmonious talent of expression." He transmits his proof-sheets, with the request to have noted on a separate leaf what is to be altered, and particularly what is to be substituted, and on receiving them back, he exclaims, "A thousand thanks. I have adopted all—followed every hint." The title of the "Kosmos" was long and anxiously disputed, and the entire plan will be found developed and explained in the letters.

Indisputably the most interesting of the letters reprinted from the Autograph Book, are Prince Metternich's. In one of them (May 10, 1846) he makes a strange avowal:—

"J'ai dans l'âge où la vie prend une direction, éprouvé un penchant, que je me permettrai de qualifier d'irrésistible, pour les sciences exactes et naturelles, et un dégoût que j'appellerai absolu pour la vie d'affaires proprement dites, si je n'avais vaincu mon dégoût irrésistible à mon penchant. C'est le sort qui dispose des hommes, et leurs qualités comme leurs défauts décident de leurs carrières. Le sort m'a éloigné de ce que j'aurais voulu, et il m'a engagé dans la voie que je n'ai point choisie."

On the subject of another letter, Varnhagen remarks in his diary of the 2d of April, 1840:—

"A long autograph letter from Prince Metternich turned up at home. He declares my picture of the Vienna Congress to be perfectly true, with some slight exceptions that could be easily set right. He himself circumstantially confirms the relation of the arrival in Vienna of the news of Napoleon having left Elba—a letter of historical value!"

This helps to complicate what was already an historical puzzle and a very curious case of conflicting evidence. The statement confirmed by Metternich is that the first intelligence of Napoleon's departure from Elba was received by the prince at six in the morning of the 7th March, in a despatch from the Austrian consul at Genoa, which, not guessing its importance, he did not open till near eight. Before nine he had personally communicated it to his imperial master, the emperor of Russia, and the king of Prussia. He then requested the attendance of the ministers plenipotentiary, who were ignorant of what had happened till he told them. This is Varnhagen's version. M. Villemain's ("Souvenirs Contemporains") is, that the news arrived by a message from Sardinia to the court of Austria on the even-

ing of the 5th of March, during the representation of some *tableaux vivans* at the palace. Sir Walter Scott ("Life of Napoleon") says that the announcement was made to the congress by Talleyrand on the 11th of March, and that laughter was the first emotion that it excited from almost every one.

If we may put faith in "Recollections by Rogers" (p. 208) the Duke of Wellington told him that he (the duke) received the first intelligence from Lord Burghersh, then minister at Florence; that the instant it came, he communicated it to every member of the congress, and that "they all laughed, the emperor of Russia most of all." Now an eminent judge, who still adorns the bench, asked the duke at Strathfieldsaye whether he remembered the laugh, and he has favored us with the following note of the reply:—

"'Laugh! No; we didn't laugh. We said, 'Where will he go?' And Talleyrand said, 'I can't say where he will go; but I'll undertake to say where he'll not go, and that is to France.' Next day, when we met, the news had come that he had gone to France, and we laughed at Talleyrand. That's the only laugh I recollect.' Then he turned to another subject."

It were a waste of time to try to reconcile these statements, but an impressive warning against undue confidence, in even the most trustworthy reminiscences, may be drawn from them.

Varnhagen died in October, 1858; Humboldt not till May 6th, 1859. The last letter in the collection is one from him to Miss Assing, condoling with her on their joint bereavement. He calls her his dear, beloved, intellectual friend; and there can be no doubt that she enjoyed the full confidence and esteem of both the eminent men who are so closely bound together in her book. This, in our opinion, aggravates her guilt in bringing them before the public in this fashion; and it is to be hoped that the merited censure she has incurred by her indiscretion will have some effect in preventing future offences of the sort. One of the principal sufferers from Humboldt's caustic pen and tongue, predicates that worse is yet to come; and if no more scandal or malice should be produced from autograph books or diaries to which he intentionally or unintentionally contributed, the failure of the supply will certainly not arise from the poverty or exhaustion of the mine.

From The Saturday Review, 7 July.  
THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO CANADA.

BEFORE Saturday next, the Prince of Wales will have departed on his graceful, and by no means unimportant, mission to Canada. He will, no doubt, go charged to express, with the warmth which the good feeling of the Canadians towards this country so well deserves, the affectionate regard of her majesty for that noble portion of her dominions; and he will find, in the most thoroughly English of all our colonies, a truly English welcome and the response of truly English hearts. In addition to the sentiments of the queen, he may safely undertake to convey to the Canadians the sincere sympathy and warm interest of the English nation. Great in herself, England is doubly great in the nations of which she has had the happiness to become the parent, and of which, if one has unfortunately parted from her side in anger, the rest are still united to her in the bond of a free and affectionate connection, and destined, we may hope, one day to pass, by an amicable transition, into the higher and more responsible state of perfect independence. Ominous as affairs may appear in Europe, we do not believe that the star of Old England is yet near its setting. But, if disaster should come, half England will still be placed beyond its reach. Other empires, when they arrived at the time marked out for them by destiny, have died, and left no relics of themselves behind. Ours would survive itself in its offspring, and, defying fate and mortality, be still great from the rising to the setting sun. It is in vain that our rivals and enemies mark our weak points, gloat over the fancied symptoms of decay, and predict our approaching fall. The fall of the parent will not suffice unless the children can be slain with the same blow. Lay London in ashes, and the spirit of St. Stephen's and Westminster Hall will remain unscathed from Sydney to Toronto — it will remain and win back the world. Quench the glory of England — other Englands will survive to witness, that if their foundress was neither exempt from the vices which attend imperial destinies, nor from the common fate which seems to await imperial greatness, she was not actuated only by the vulgar lust of dominion, and that her spirit was not ungenerous nor her aims low. We have long given up not only the attempt, but the desire, to make our colonies subservient to the petty purposes of commercial monopoly. We cannot expect them to add directly to our military strength — on the contrary, it may with reason be argued that the dispersion of our forces over the world which their defence requires is the main cause of our military weakness. We have come to regard them

as what they truly are — portions of the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race, and portions of that greatness which are nobler and purer than the rest, because they are untainted by selfish ambition, unalloyed by the memory of wrong, unstained by blood. These are the works of liberty. It is in vain that despotism endeavors to emulate them. It may conquer, but it cannot colonize; it may found dependencies, and govern them through its viceroys, but it cannot found and train to maturity a free nation. France may point to one great colony. It is a colony which, founded by the most powerful and illustrious of her kings, languished under his sway and that of his successor, and was inspired with vigor and vitality only when Pitt and Wolfe transferred it to a foreign, but a more generous, rule. The Prince of Wales will see a French population amounting to about three-quarters of a million, living, as his mother's subjects, under the free institutions of England, in comparative tranquillity and contentment, while France herself has plunged from revolution to revolution, only to end in a second military despotism worse than the first. France dreams only of adding to her greatness by accessions of territory, to be acquired through military aggression on her neighbors. England can deliberately look forward to the day when loss of territory will add to her greatness, by raising her colonies into sister and confederate nations.

After traversing Canada, and inaugurating the great monument of her rising wealth and power, the prince will put off his character as the representative of her majesty, and pay a visit to the United States. May the presence of the descendant of George III., as a friend and guest help to heal the old, but still rankling wound, which the folly of his ancestor and his ancestor's ministers inflicted! The utmost period of human life has more than elapsed since that fatal quarrel; and the last man who fought in the War of Independence on either side — who suffered by, or was responsible for, the Stamp Act or the abrogation of the Charter of Massachusetts — has long been in his grave. The evil policy which then guided English councils — which guided the councils of all imperial nations in that age — has been buried with the past. English statesmen and English writers have a thousand times acknowledged the wrong that was done, not by the English nation, but by an arbitrary king, a corrupt ministry, and a Parliament which was not the representative of the people. In place of the insignificant traffic which the statesmen of the last century struggled, with petty covetousness, to fetter and monopolize, there has sprung up, under the genial influence of unchartered freedom, a mighty trade, not only linking the two na-

tions together, but making the prosperity of each absolutely essential to that of the other. We are, in blood, in language, in religion, in all the highest elements of nationality, but two portions of the same people, and the great intellects of England rule where the English crown rules no more. Yet England and America are not friends—or, if they are, their friendship is hidden deep in their hearts, and masked by the outward appearance of jealousy and dislike. We care not to analyze the causes of this state of things. The unhappy bickerings which from time to time arise out of our proximity as imperial powers on the American continent have greatly contributed to keep it alive. Some of the blame must be borne by English demagogues, who, holding up American institutions for the imitation of a community to whose social condition they are wholly unsuited, provoke expressions of inconsiderate antipathy against the institutions themselves and the nation to which they belong. Satirical writers, painting American society with the unavoidable one-sidedness of caricature, and forgetting that a young commercial nation cannot at once rival the polish which the social aristocracy of old nations has attained after ages of barbarism, have left envenomed arrows in the side of American self-respect. The surface of American politics, which is their worst part, has alone met our eyes, and habituated us to speak with somewhat shallow contempt of a system under which an empire has grown to greatness in the brief space of three generations. If the Prince of Wales can do any thing towards the production of a kinder feeling between the nations, he will have rendered thus early in life a great service to the state and to the English race. There are few Englishmen who do not most sincerely wish that such may be the result of his expedition.

The prince is beginning public life early in representing the queen on this occasion. He is only in his nineteenth year; and on his return from America he is to resume his studies at Oxford, and afterwards at Cambridge. Will not the coolness of his youthful head be rather severely tried by the incense of loyalty—that incense whose overpowering fumes give kings only too much right to be destitute of common sense? He must remember that the sovereign whom he represents is the principal object of the enthusiasm which will attend his progress, and that, so far as he is himself its object, it is the expression of affectionate expectations which it must be the aim of his life as a man and a sovereign to fulfil. It is, perhaps, not a bad thing, as far as his future academical career is concerned, that he should at once put his education to some use, and learn that his studies are, or ought to be, not a mere boyish task, but a

real preparation for the world. Public action is probably the best antidote to those corrupting and degrading influences which beset the youth of princes. It is indolence, joined to passion and opportunity, that has too often made the history of an heir-apparent one of family misery and personal disgrace. It is hard enough for one to whom the highest honor and boundless wealth come without effort, who can never feel the bracing effects of struggling with early difficulties, or the salutary influences of equal friendship, to be on a level in all points of character with other men; but his best chance is an early familiarity with the real duties and responsibilities of his high place in life. The prince must see how it fares in the present age with royalty unsupported by personal merit. He may observe that the *Candide* of Voltaire's story might again sup with six throneless kings. He must perceive that of him, too, an effort will be required, if he is to transmit, as he will receive, a secure and honored throne. We augur well of his expedition. He goes under the auspices of a colonial minister deservedly popular in the colonies as the consistent friend of a liberal and generous system of administration. His own demeanor, if it is in Canada what it is in England, will certainly lose no hearts. May his voyage be prosperous, his mission successful, and his return safe and happy!

From The Spectator, 14 July.

#### THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA AND WASHINGTON.

THROUGHOUT a vast extent of territory on the other side of the Atlantic, preparations are in active progress to receive one particular young gentleman now nearly nineteen years of age. Grave senators, governors, military and civil, British and foreign, houses of legislature, courts of justice, chambers of commerce, municipalities, guilds, professional and industrial—corps of volunteers, households that cannot be counted, and that august giant, the mob—all these from the Lake of the Woods, to the Bay of Fundy, from Maine to Florida, are watching the departure of Albert Edward Prince of Wales calculating the time which it will take for him to traverse the Atlantic, reckoning the stages of his circuitous route in her majesty's North American colonies, and counting the day when he will appear on the ground of the federal republic, until he shall actually be a guest in the White House at Washington. All these innumerable circles of society are debating with themselves what they shall do to signalize the arrival and travels of this youthful voyager, and are anticipating the pleasure and distinction which shall

then be exchanged. The moralist might smile in surveying this great map of agitation, at the effect which royalty can produce, not only in the off-lying possessions of the British Crown, but even in those British colonies which some time since repudiated their king, and have since claimed to be considered a nation independent and equal with ourselves. But there is indeed, a deep moral beneath the surface of this commotion, a moral luckily most easy to read and most certain to fructify under its present cultivation. In truth, we believe that no event more happy for England has ever befallen, and that the great American Republic, as well as the United Empire, will hereafter have reason to point to the day when Albert Edward left the shores of England to make new conquests in America.

How many historical reflections flash across the mind! How long is it since a royal foot trod the shores of America! How long since the presumptive wearer of a British crown was there? The last question might be answered by the single word—never. The young Duke of Clarence once visited Halifax, we believe, when he was a junior officer in a British ship of war; but nobody recognized in him the William the Fourth of our Reform Bill days. And other royal princes have shown themselves; but no heir to the British throne, with all the presumption of royalty around him, has ever trodden the shores of those colonies, severed or unsevered. How many a colonist, how many a "citizen," will like a political Richard Owen with the specimen before him, speculate upon the actual nature of royalty, in the abstract and in the concrete,—upon its functions in the world, past, present, and to come,—upon the broad distinction between countries which possess the institution, and those which have it not? How Englishmen will congratulate themselves that they still possess the blessing; citizens that they are "free from the encumbrance." And yet in the mind of each will unquestionably lurk a doubt whether the advantage is so absolutely on the one side. We English have an institution which enables us, through every change of party, through every variety of the political sky, through every mutation of men at the head of affairs, to pursue our way with an even tenor, the whole community at any one period making very nearly the progress marked out for it, whatever may be the incapacities, ineptitudes, or even reluctances, of the men entrusted with the conduct of affairs. We have continued our course from Magna Charta to the Reform Bill of 1832, and shall continue it, from 1832 even unto the measure of nineteen hundred and whatever it may be, without any power on the part of Tory

reactionary or "Chartist visionary" to disturb the peculiar march of the British State. As we have before had occasion to remark, that course has been distinguished amongst nations by a striking peculiarity. Our "revolutions" have been wholly unlike most movements so called on the Continent; we are not aware of a single exception in which the people moving has not appealed from lawless acts of those in authority to the established and acknowledged law of the land. Magna Charta was but a declaratory act, as its companion statutes were; the Petition of Rights, and Bill of Rights, belong to the same series, and, by the by, the British community resident on the other side of the Atlantic did but appeal to the law of the land in the matters of taxation against the arbitrary usurpation of George the Third and his ministers. It was the king and his unlucky advisers who then broke the law; the "Revolution" was theirs; and we have already had to acknowledge the strength which we English people have derived in our ulterior progress through that noble vindication of law on the part of our American brothers. By the same act, they relieved themselves from the "encumbrance" of royalty; we are not sure but what many a man who has attended conventions in America very lately must have asked himself whether even £450,000 a year would not be a cheap cost for the working of any machine which should continue the affairs of the Union in steady progress, while the freest action should remain for Parliament and ministers, for the whole federation, and for every one of the thirty-three States.

But if questions of this kind hang, as it were, around the back chambers of the mind, and occupy Psyche during the slumbering periods of leisure, they will not appear with sufficient force to be seen in the broad blaze of the festivities attending the young prince's path; not a shadow of them will be traced in the blazing sunshine of that summer visit; not a thought of them will be perceptible in the broad grin which will overspread the whole countenance of hospitable society. The great fact is, that all the differences which have happened since 1783, will be condoned; the meeting of Wallace and Bruce was as nothing compared to that shake of the hands between Albert Edward Prince of Wales, and James Buchanan. The White House will be the great mansion of peace; royalty and republicanism will lie down together in that first beginning of the millennium. Hearts royal, and hearts republican, will discover that there is in truth little difference between them. Englishmen are the same all the world over, under whatever institutions they may recently have lived.



They are still distinguished by identically the same qualities and aspirations, and notably by these—the faithful love of law, the energetic impulse to make opportunity profitable, and the ceaseless desire to do as much good as possible. Terminate the differences that have ever separated England and America, and enable them to understand each other up to the very top of society, and how much may they not hereafter do by their united force, under those three sacred impulses! Ever since the close of last century, the Americans have been in the habit of confounding the action and motives of the English crown with repudiation of law, forcible encroachment, antagonism, and jealousy, political and commercial. During the reign of Queen Victoria, every one of these transatlantic prejudices has been softened to such an extent, that each one is now ready for removal, and we see the whole republic eagerly preparing a welcome for Queen Victoria's successor. On the other hand, English society,—which means persons of great wealth and influence living in the upper regions of the West-end, remote from the vulgar commonwealth,—have supposed that the American republicans are rough, unlettered, eager to show their independence by repelling all gracious influences, and anxious to retaliate any of the affronts which royalty may have put upon them. Nor are these insults entirely ancient; even British colonies unsevered, have had within very few years to complain that they suffered from neglect and disparagement. If a leading colonist visited England, his local honors were unrecognized; the statesmanship which ruled in the Downing Street of Australia, or the West Indies, found itself simply in lodgings in the political suburbs of the imperial metropolis; and many who come full of loyal fervor returned soured by official coldness and repudiation. Nothing has contributed more to remove that untoward feeling, than the genial graciousness with which Queen Victoria has received representatives of the British colonies unsevered, ay, or severed. And now the first gentleman in England is about to learn by personal experience the vigorous cordiality, and the tasteful courtesy, with which the Republic of America can welcome the renewed alliance.

Nor is it simply a matter of state ceremony; by this visit an influence will be created, at the very centre of the United Kingdom, most favorable to every good work for which the Americans can ask our co-operation; and while recognizing the most absolute equality in the great Anglo-Saxon State on the other side, we may say an influence will be left, in the very centre of the republic, most favorable to all that we Eng-

lishmen can wish. The joint action of these influences cannot but have a most powerful effect in enlarging the opportunities of both countries, in adding to their wealth, in increasing their united pursuit of knowledge, in widening and elevating every form of social happiness.

From The Examiner, 23 June.

TEMPTATION OF GERMANY.

THE most upright of men in private life will sometimes have the misfortune of being in bad odor with his neighbors; his conscience is as clear as a saint's, he knows himself innocent of all the ugly designs imputed to him, he feels that with a few words of frank explanation he has it in his power to refute all the charges against him; a good opportunity for setting himself right is all he wants, and he is miserable until he finds one. Suddenly he hears that his foremost maligners are collected at a family party, and being of a genial nature, the happy thought strikes him to drop in and regain his good name over a glass of wine or a cup of tea. Precisely and literally, according to the *Moniteur*, this was the course which the much-injured emperor of the French took with the German princes assembled at Baden. The honestest of men in public life did exactly what the honestest of men in private life would have done in like circumstances; the parallel is perfect even to the blameless beverage which will henceforward be as famous for the recovery of character as hitherto it has been for the loss of it. The Princess Marie of Baden had the honor not only of assisting to restore the emperor his reputation, but to set up that of the tea-table itself. The quiet five o'clock dinner at the grand duke's no doubt did a great deal, but the duchess' tea crowned all. It would be curious if it was "gunpowder," since we are carefully assured that among its other wonderful effects, "it has consolidated the peace of Europe."

The grand result, however, was this: "An end was put to the unanimous concert of malevolent reports and false appreciations." And the *Moniteur* adds:—

"In fact, the emperor, by going to explain frankly to the sovereigns who met at Baden how his policy would never swerve from right and justice, must have impressed such distinguished and unprejudiced minds with the conviction which a true sentiment honestly expressed always conveys."

A pleasant moral fiction this, such as we are accustomed to in the same imaginative columns, but the truth of the matter, we believe, is that the emperor sought an interview with the prince of Prussia only, and

the prince evaded the *tête-à-tête* by the clever device of asking all the small potentates. The emperor went to Baden much more in the character of a tempter than of an injured innocent. M. About's pamphlet tallies perfectly with the plan of a private interview with Prussia, but not quite so well with the general card to the little Crowns, unless, with deliberate cruelty, the emperor invited them as Mrs. Bond invited the ducks to "come and be killed." The pamphlet is an elaborate and fervid appeal to Prussia to head a German union, but the union meant is of the kind that takes place between a shoal of minnows and the shark who devours them. It is to be a union on the Italian model, voted by universal suffrage, and the petty sovereigns are again to disappear like the "stellarum vulgus" at sunrise. The pamphlet describes them in language very different from the oily phrases of the journal.

"Ancient feudalism and modern diplomacy, and the selfishness and blindness of a swarm of petty princes, who buy and sell their subjects as they would their flocks, has divided this great nation into a deplorable multitude of governments. It is in vain that the German princes, leagued together against the people, have formed a compact for the maintenance of their privileges. The German people have learned that it is useless, and almost ridiculous, to support thirty-seven different governments, when one alone would be sufficient."

In the *Moniteur* these same personages are the "distinguished and unprejudiced minds" on which the emperor's enchanting frankness left such an agreeable impression. We could pardon these doomed states a tinge of prejudice in favor of their own existence, but M. About, at all events, supposes them free even from that most venial weakness. He even expects them to enter with enthusiasm into the scheme for their own annihilation. The ducks will fly to be eaten; the fry will jump into great fish's jaws, with an appetite equal to his own.

"We are happy to discover that German unity has found its centre, its rallying point, and nothing could be more agreeable to us than to behold the nation grouping itself around a firm and upright mind. If nothing occurs to put a stop to the progress of this pacific revolution it may be hoped that the princes themselves, carried along by the movement of their people, will bow to the protecting spirit of Prussia, and that the unity of Germany will be effected without the shedding of a single drop of blood."

Observe the covered menace here, as usual with French cajolery. There is an unbloody road to German unity, if the parties are wise enough to follow it; if not, there is a road colored gules indicated with sufficient dis-

tinctness. Is Prussia to take it, or is France? Both together, we presume, as in the previous passage we find Prussia exhorted "to play the part of Piedmont." The *Moniteur* may well call this "a significant step."

"Prussia personifies German nationality, religious reform, commercial progress, constitutional liberalism; she is the greatest of really Germanic monarchies; consciences are there more free and enlightenment more widely spread, political rights less exclusive than in most other German states. It is she who, by founding the Zollverein, paved the way for free trade; therefore the people of Germany love Prussia. They behold her progress with sympathizing admiration and filial interest; it is to Prussia they would appeal for succor if any peril were impending. It is to her they would entrust, in preference, the glorious task of national unity. Were she to make up her mind to play the part of Piedmont, the whole of Germany, with the exception of the princes and the squirearchy, would hasten to remove the obstacle in her way."

"All these things will I give thee," said the tempter, "if thou wilt fall down and worship me!" The meaning of "playing the part of Piedmont" is so lucid that it would have been tautology to have expressly mentioned the Rhenish provinces. It might also have been more difficult to dwell on "the disinterested love of France." "Let Germany be reunited," cries M. About, "France has no more ardent or dearer wish, for she loves the German nation with a disinterested love!" So she loves Sardinia, witness, ye Alpine slopes and Mediterranean shores! It was unnecessary to prove what was so notorious, but the demonstration was too beautiful to be lost.

"If we were possessed with that vulgar ambition of which its princes accuse us, we should not induce the Germans to enter on the path of unity. States divided among themselves are more easy to invade than when united, and *diviser pour regner* will always remain the maxim of conquerors. May Germany be united; may she form a body so compact that the idea of encroaching upon it will never present itself. France, which sees without apprehension an Italy of 26,000,000 constituted in the south, would not fear to see 32,000,000 of Germans form a great nation on her eastern frontier."

Gently, M. About! France did not see the Italian spectacle you allude to "without apprehension." In asserting it you give your master the lie, for we have it on his own word that the sight dismayed him, it frightened him out of his honesty, if not out of his wits. The emperor, it is true, does not "divide to conquer;" he knows a better trick; he conquers by uniting, exacting a

commission on every such transaction in the shape of a handsome clipping for France. The emperor's unions are like a double cherry, affording two bites, of which he must always have one. Will any German, however "much bemused with beer," be duped by M. About's raptures on the theme of union; or not see the well-known slice of his fatherland at the bottom of every paragraph of this ominous and audacious pamphlet?

Here is something wonderfully daring. So disinterestedly does France yearn for a united Germany, that history warns her in vain of its ruinous consequences to herself. It was fatal to France before, and might be fatal to her again; but away with all selfish considerations!

"Never was this noble nation greater than from 1813 to 1815, for she was never more united. When a Frenchman speaks with admiration of campaigns so terrible to France, his testimony is worthy of credit. The feeling of Germanic honor and independence, revolting at the idea of subjection, effected miracles. Germany had but one passion, but one heart; she rose as one man, and the defeat of our incomparable armies showed of what united Germany was capable."

But what of the Rhenish provinces? We need hardly state what the pamphleteer was instructed to declare upon that delicate point, or how implicitly we believe his protestations. M. About's disclaimer, however, is one of the most curious passages in his work.

"This ill-founded apprehension is so noisily manifested and so obstinately repeated that it might have suggested evil thoughts to us, if we were less equitable. It is certain that if you addressed in the public street the meekest and most harmless individual in the world and say to him, 'Sir, you wish to give me a slap in the face; don't attempt to deny it. Don't swear, I wouldn't believe your oath. You want to give me a slap in the face, but I am stronger than you are; I would crush you like a worm, and I dare you to give me that slap in the face.' The meekest and most inoffensive man in the world would in these words find excellent reasons for giving what he is asked for, his hand would spontaneously fall on the cheek of the fellow who had provoked him."

This is not the parallel, M. About! Robbery is the question, not insult. Accuse an honest man of intending to pick your pocket, the charge may make him knock you down, but will it "suggest the evil thoughts" imputed to him? Would such a man retort by snatching your watch, and assign your affronting suspicion as "an excellent reason for justifying it?" This is exactly Glo'ster's apology, when charged with a murder.

"I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless  
shoulders."

However, Germany is no sooner cautioned than she is again assured. "No amount of provocation can turn France from the path she has chosen." Abuse me as much as you like, says the magnanimous emperor, I will not revenge myself by robbing you; and Europe will believe him as the cock in the fable believed the fox.

"Nay, then, quod he, I shrewe us bothe two,  
And first I shrewe myself, bothe blood and  
bones,  
If thou begile me oftener than ones."

We trust Prussia, on her part, will not be abused, or even lectured out of her firmness and independence, for there is an insolent tone of lecturing, mingled with the "soft sawder" of this pamphlet. Prussia has not shown "proper consideration for a government founded on universal suffrage!" Then the Prussian press is often violent, but Louis Napoleon "will never ask the prince to gag his subjects." Nor will he insist upon putting down freedom of speech in the Prussian chambers, though he observes that Prussian politicians had better keep civil tongues in their heads when they talk of France. The gracious emperor would not even make M. Vincke's speech a *casus belli* with Prussia. Then the police get a rap over the knuckles, but they have been "rather unskilful than guilty," so they are let off easily this time; but "the Prussian government will do wisely to direct their functionaries not to continue in such tortuous paths, which are not without danger!" It appears there has been a new edition of the Orsini plot in Prussia. "If Orsini had prospered," says M. About, "he would have assassinated the future liberator of Italy," and, in like manner, his German imitators would have destroyed the redeemer of Germany. The emperor is too modest to use these exact words. He only says that "Prussia would have been deprived of a very useful ally, who is, perhaps, called on to render her very great services, *provided she lends herself to it*," which, if her rulers are not the most infatuated princes that ever perished of their own blindness and credulity, they will certainly not do.

We need hardly add that we are no admirers of the mob of little kingdoms into which so much of Germany is cut up; but great as the evil is, we trust not to see it reformed by French dictation and universal suffrage. And the speech made by the prince of Prussia to the other sovereigns after the emperor's departure indicated no disposition to become either the tool or the proselyte of France.

From The Saturday Review, 7 July.  
THE MORALITY OF RAPINE.

WE have never pretended to fathom the precise plans of the emperor of the French. Probably they are not so fixed as it is the fashion to assume, but rather shift as circumstances change and openings present themselves — as this or that door in the European house appears to be on the latch, as this or that window seems imperfectly fastened. In answer to those who demand the reasons of our apprehensions, we have pointed simply to patent facts — to a life passed in conspiracy; to a throne won by treason, perjury, and massacre; to Europe kept in perpetual alarm, and twice plunged into war; to the crowd of "unofficial" pamphlets which breathe the spirit of restless aggrandizement; to Savoy, solemnly renounced, and then violently appropriated; and, above all, to those vast and costly armaments which are in a perpetual course of augmentation, and which can have no conceivable object but that of aggressive war. These are the "data" whereon we ground conclusions which we shall not abandon because somebody, on paying his bill at a French inn, has not found the landlady avowedly disposed for an immediate invasion of England — much less on that still more slender security, the pacific protestations of Napoleon III. Practically, indeed, we come to the same conclusion as our censors; for they, after scoffing at our irrational fears, and denouncing our lack of diplomatic politeness, end by advising us, merely "by way of precaution," to "grasp our arms." The French emperor is the most respectable of mankind; but if you have to travel alone with him, carry loaded pistols with you "by way of precaution." Affairs in Europe, we have been informed, "look more pacific at this moment than they 'have for a long time past.'" We should hope they did. This was the reward we expected for spending our money in ships and fortifications, and our time and labor in getting up volunteer corps.

However, an article which appeared a few days ago in the "unofficial" *Opinion Nationale*, seems really to afford a glimpse of the scheme which at present occupies the French emperor's mind. The ostensible object of the article was to allay the fears of Germany; but the German mind must be singularly constituted if its fears can be allayed by such chloroform as the article contained. The day of "*revendication par la force*," it seems, has passed. It would not do at the present time, without pretence or excuse, to pour an army of invasion into the Rhine provinces. The emperor is endowed with "a tact too nice, a sentiment of the tendency of opinion too just," to propose that sort of thing to France — "tact" and "sentiment of the tendency

of "opinion," being, we presume, the imperial substitutes for the more commonplace restraints on burglarious desires. To speak plainly, Louis Napoleon is acute enough to see that a repetition of the unmasked rapine of his uncle would bring the world about his ears. The epoch of Dick Turpin is gone — that of Sadleir and Pullinger has arrived. France, "not to mince matters," as the honest Iago of the *Opinion Nationale* says, "does not renounce the frontier of the Rhine," but she must have a moral pretext for seizing on it. A moral pretext there is likely to be. Europe is "undergoing a process of decomposition and recomposition," for which, of course, French intrigue is not at all responsible. Nobody knows what may happen in the course of a few years. "The future is open; it is a history which it belongs to nobody to write beforehand." "Nearly the whole of the map of Europe is in question." It certainly is in question in the effusions of French pamphleteers. "Is Prussia bound by oath never to think of German unity? Can she answer that she will never cast a longing eye on Hanover, Saxony, Brunswick, Hesse, Oldenburg, and Mecklenberg? To-day sovereigns embrace each other, and certainly do so in good faith. But who can know what their people will demand of them a few years hence? And if, under the irresistible pressure of public opinion, all Germany should come to form one powerful state, would it be just, would it be reasonable, that France alone should preserve her frontier of 1815, when everybody in Germany would find it expedient to extend or suppress his own?" Of course, it would be most unjust and unreasonable that the Germans should be allowed to alter their own internal arrangements without extending their territory, and that France should not be allowed at the same time to extend her territory at the expense of her neighbors. Again we are told, "If the Germans should think proper to modify their ancient political constitution, and substitute for the impotent confederation a single, strong, centralized government, we would not answer that France would not think it reasonable to demand of Germany *compensations* and securities."

The "impotence" of Germany, then, is a part of the established rights and vested interests of France; and if Germany ceases to be "impotent," France is to be entitled to seize a certain number of German provinces, by way of "compensation." No nation contiguous to France shall have the audacity to be united, well-organized, and powerful, like France herself, without forfeiting to her a portion of its territory by way of security for her continued preponderance. No country shall presume, without being fined for its presumption, to put itself in such a condition as not to



be at the common tyrant's feet. To induce Prussia to take the step on which, according to this modest and beneficent doctrine, the Rhine provinces would escheat to France, was plainly the object of the earnestly desired interview with the prince regent, and is the object of the pamphlets in which M. About and the rest of the emperor's literary voltigeurs impress the advantages of "unity" on the German nation. Sardinia has been incited to go to war with Austria and extend her own dominions in Italy, in order to furnish the pretext which the emperor's "tact" perceives to be required by the "tendency of opinion" in the present day, for the *revendication* (not by force) of Savoy and Nice. Prussia is urged to extend her dominions in Germany that she may furnish a similar pretext for a like process in regard to the frontier of the Rhine. There is yet another quarter in which the same game may be played. If Spain, in the process of "decomposition and recomposition," should happen, "under the irresistible pressure of public opinion," to "cast an eye" upon Portugal, and thus substitute a single strong monarchy for the "impotent" duality of the Peninsula, would it not be "reasonable," would it not be "just," that France, as a "compensation" and a "security," should revendicate (but not by force) Spain up to the Ebro? Could this obvious moral necessity escape the "tact" of the emperor? Has he not already shown that it is present to his mind?

French publicists naturally measure the morality of other states by that of their own. They fancy Prussia must be longing to thrust her hand into her neighbors' pockets, just as they are themselves. They take it for granted that German sovereigns must come to a congress with hearts as insincere and designs as perfidious as those which a French diplomatist brings to a conference of nations. But, besides this, they import their own political tastes and aspirations into the minds of people totally different in character from themselves. The "unity" which they fancy so irresistibly tempting to all the world, is, in fact, tempting to themselves alone. It is a peculiarity of their own character and temperament to see the height of greatness in a nation organized like a single huge barracks under one vast and uniform oppression. The Germans belong to the nobler race—the race which inclines not to the "unity" of an enormous herd of men obeying a single driver, but to freedom of self-development and masculine independence. Germany has multiplied centres of political and intellectual life, great in their collective energy, and usefully qualifying each other by their various tendencies. What would she gain by relinquishing all these, and reducing herself to a vast

expanse of soulless and lifeless provinces, forming a mere pedestal for the vanity of one overweening metropolis? It is not everybody that thinks it the summit of all happiness and grandeur to be absorbed and annihilated in the glory of Paris, as a Buddhist hopes to be absorbed and annihilated in the Divine Essence. Thoroughly French, too, is the habit of regarding confederacies as necessarily "impotent." They are comparatively "impotent" for the purposes of internal tyranny and of external aggression, which, to a Frenchman, seem the grand objects of national existence. But they are not "impotent" for their proper object, which is that of maintaining peace among a group of states without extinguishing their independence, and securing them all against the attacks of external enemies. Nothing could be looser, in a political point of view, or less respectable in the eyes of a French worshipper of unity, than the federal organization of the states of Holland; yet, that confederacy overthrew, in defensive war, the two greatest and most centralized monarchies of Europe. The Swiss Federation can hardly be said even to possess a federal executive, so loose is the tie between the different cantons; yet it has held its own, and bids fair still to hold its own, against the most powerful aggressor. Any one who meddled with the territories of the United States of America would probably, in like manner, be speedily convinced that local self-government is not necessarily the source of military weakness. Prussia has no need to seek greatness by grandiose immorality. True moral greatness is within her reach. She may be the honored chief, without being the grasping and oppressive mistress, of the great German League. She may take the lead, on behalf of Germany and humanity, in keeping the French nation within its natural boundaries, which are those of the French language and the French race. She may save a portion of a noble, moral, and free people from being absorbed into a military despotism, con-founded in character with its subjects, and reduced to the same level of morality with those who inspire the *Opinion Nationale*.

From The Saturday Review, 7 July.  
RUSSIA.

THE foreign policy of France has lately appeared so dangerous, and the emperor has created such profound distrust of the use to which he will put the power he has obtained, that Englishmen have very naturally begun to regret having contributed to place Europe at the mercy of an adventurer. No doubt the Crimean war gave a great lift to Louis Napoleon. It enabled him to reap all the benefits of associating with England and all

the benefits of eclipsing her. It taught the French to hope that he knew the invaluable secret of managing an ally so as to get the best of the alliance. It opened the door for endless private intrigues, and encouraged the notion that peace or war depended on his will. This was all very pleasant for him, but it is not pleasant for us to look back on; and so the Crimean war is often voted a mistake in England. It cost us a great many men and a great many millions of money; and as laborers are scarce, and the Income-tax is heavy, we feel all the evil of the war very distinctly. Whatever good it may have done us, on the other hand, is almost wholly negative, and therefore unfelt. We are relieved from the pressure of Russia on Europe; but this is only what we think our due, and no one is thankful when wrong things are merely set right. Disapprobation of the war has even gone so far as to induce a vague belief that Russia was not in the least injured by the great struggle, and that she is now as rich, honored, and powerful as ever. This, at least, is demonstrably untrue. Whether the Crimean war was worth its cost to England is a matter of opinion, but the present state of Russia is a matter of fact. The change that has come over the affairs of Russia, may be estimated from the simple circumstance that last year she tried to borrow twelve millions of money, and had to take up five millions of the loan herself, and that she is now endeavoring in vain to float a loan in the London market on terms which would be thought quite satisfactory if offered by Brazil. The reason is that the war was an overwhelming trial for a young country. An expenditure that is nothing more than a cause of grumbling to an old and rich country like England, is serious to a country that has just begun to accumulate wealth and open trade on a large scale. Commercial stability, government credit, and private fortunes were all shaken to their foundations in Russia by the severity of the shock of a war against two rich and strong countries. The suffering, the harassing anxiety, the sense of oppressive calamity which the Crimean war has entailed on hundreds and thousands of Russian families are beyond the conception of a nation which has never known the real horrors of war. In the thinly populated districts where agriculture affords the sole means of subsistence, the chief source of distress has arisen from the fearful consumption of the lives of men and beasts in the war; and how fearful that consumption was, may be judged from the fact, that one regiment left Moscow a thousand strong and marched into Sebastopol with eleven men. But in the towns ruin has followed ruin, and the commercial population has had to contend with an almost entire de-

struction of credit and an enormous increase of taxation.

The war also seems to have lessened the prestige and impaired the power of the central government. There is a hesitation, an inconsequence, and a fruitless declaration of ineffective wishes in the court of St. Petersburg, which is something new there. One of the best fruits of the war was supposed to be the emancipation of the serfs. We had the satisfaction of thinking we had blessed our enemies, and brought liberty in one hand if we held the sword in the other. But somehow the emancipation seems at a stand-still. There is no open opposition. Some of the nobility approve, and some disapprove, but no one positively refuses to obey the czar. At the same time, the emancipation has now sunk into the stage where nothing is done at present, and hopes are relegated to a very uncertain future. We are told that emancipation is really going to begin in the autumn of this year, and are assured that this time there is to be no mistake. But no one seems to have spirit to do any thing at once. So, too, the peace was to be inaugurated with a great concession to the liberty of the press; but the press is much where it was. Remarks are tolerated on England and France, for they hurt nobody; but no point of domestic policy is even submitted to discussion. The government has no clear line, and does not guide its subjects. There have also been instances lately where high office has been refused on the ground that those to whom it was offered did not like to mix themselves up with the administration. The private misery has, in short, told on the conduct of public affairs; and the Russians behave like the dispirited subjects of a beaten empire. They are not, of course, humiliated by the military results of the war, for the credit of their resistance was quite as great as the credit of our attack. But they have suffered so much that they are disheartened and uncertain; and their government, we suspect, does not appear to them quite the grand and omnipotent thing it did. Russia is going through the moral prostration that follows a severe physical malady, and would be profoundly astonished if she could comprehend that one of the adversaries who knocked her down insisted on believing that she was as strong and hearty as ever.

The effects of the war on the position of Russia in Europe are still more apparent. It is only since Sebastopol was taken that Prussia has begun to breathe freely. The influence of the Emperor Nicholas and of Russia in the states of North Germany was not unlike the influence of the company in the courts of the native princes of India. The people hated the Russians, but they feared even more that they hated them, and a large por-

tion of the aristocracy actually prided themselves on being the slaves of Russia. That free institutions are possible in Germany is owing to the Crimean war, and nearly as much may be said of Italy. It is understood that Russia cannot afford a war, and will not undertake one unless it is absolutely forced on her, whereas, in the days of the Emperor Nicholas, it was supposed that the great desire of Russia was to find an opportunity of showing her strength. Now, when Russia threatens to withdraw her representative from Turin because Count Cavour is suspected of encouraging Garibaldi, the announcement attracts little more attention than the threat to the same effect that proceeds from Spain. Russia is only one among the nations that Count Cavour has to reckon with, and by no means one of the most important. She is no longer the great protectress of despotism, ordering the ends of the earth to bear patiently their native tyranny on pain of her displeasure. Nowhere, perhaps, is the difference more felt than in Hungary. The Crimean war not only made Russia generally unwilling to interfere, but it specially alienated her from Austria, who forsook her, as she thought, in the day of her adversity. The Hungarians, therefore, have only their old enemies, the Hapsburgs, to settle matters with; and although we hope they will be

content with security and freedom, and not separate from Austria, yet it is a great thing that they should have a fair field to fight in, if fighting must come, and they probably would not get any thing at all if Austria could rely on Russia. In the East, Russia must always be powerful. An empire with sixty millions of Christian inhabitants, and a frontier so comparatively close to Constantinople, must be very influential with the Porte. But the issue of Prince Gortschakoff's recent attempt to assert Russian supremacy has reminded Turks and Christians that Russia is only one among other great states, and is an enemy that may be encountered and beaten. In itself, the Crimean war seems to us a decided success. The object was to cripple Russia, and thus lessen her political influence. She is crippled very seriously, and her political influence is palpably lessened. It is said that we have lost more than we have gained, for we have taken political influence from Russia to give it to France. This is a very difficult point to decide, but we may observe that, as one principal effect of the Crimean war has been to increase the number and importance of the free neighbors of France, the result has, so far at least, been clearly in favor of the country that is at the head of European liberty, and not of imperialism.

**MURAL BURIAL.**—Blomefield mentions an instance at Foulton in Norfolk, thus: On the foundation of the south side aisle, facing the churchyard, is an arched monument over a flat marble gravestone, partly covered by the arch, partly by the wall. It appears to be about *temp.* Edward I. Blomefield says these arched monuments and this "immuring of founders," were common in ancient days. Did the custom arise from the more barbarous one of burying a living person in the foundation-wall "for luck?" We read of such burials in old history, but they neither averted attack nor ruin. F. C. B.

**A FATHER'S JUSTICE.**—Where may the original of the following story be found?

"In old times a king passed a law, that whoever in his dominions was convicted of adultery should lose both his eyes. The first offender was his own son; the king, determined that the law should take its course, but still pitying the criminal, ordered one of his own eyes to be extracted and one of his son's, and thus satisfied the demands of justice, and extended mercy to his son."—*Notes and Queries*.

LIBYA.

**GEORGE II. HALFPENNY.**—On a halfpenny of George II., of which I have seen two specimens, a rat appears in the act of climbing to the knee of Britannia. Is this a genuine coin? and what is the meaning of this singularity, which is so contrived that, at first sight, the rat might be mistaken for that part of the robe which should cover the knee of Britannia. I have heard it said that a new species of rat first appeared in England at the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty.—*Notes and Queries*. J. MN.

**"WITHERED VIOLETS."**—Twenty years ago I met with some verses upon "Withered Violets," beginning:—

"Long years have passed, pale flowers, since  
you  
Were culled and given in brightest bloom,  
By one whose eyes eclipsed their blue,  
Whose breath was like their own perfume."

I should feel obliged for the remainder of the poem, and its author and occasion.—*Notes and Queries*. N. J. A.

## NEW YORK PAINTERS.

BIERSTADT, since the close of the academy's exhibition, has completed his large landscape, "Base of the Rocky Mountains," which was exhibited, in an unfinished state, preparatory to its departure for Boston, where it will probably remain permanently to grace the gallery of the Athenæum. The stillness of the piece has been relieved by the introduction of a characteristic buffalo hunt of mounted Indians in the foreground. The enormous ridge, crowned by Mount Long and Laramie Peak, some twelve or fifteen thousand feet above the level of the plain, together with the broad field of sky beyond, have all been retouched and received new life at the hand of the artist. A work of much merit before, it will not fail to secure a full appreciation, now that it is complete.

The same gentleman, who has spent considerable time among our Rocky Mountain scenery, has already another large picture projected and drawn in charcoal, illustrative of our American Alps. This scene is in the midst of wild crags and snow-capped peaks, frowning in all their terrible magnificence. The relief to this awe-inspiring view is found in an exhibition of quiet Indian life, among the Shoshones, in a gorge of valley which opens in the foreground.

Of a different character is a charming piece, by the same artist, just completed, called "The Old Mill." It is a German scene, drawn from nature, made up of the little old stone mill, with its steep, mossy roof, and overshot wheel, with the water running in white foam over the buckets, and finding its half-hidden and tortuous way to a little pond, where some ducks are playing.

William Hart has just completed a small landscape of unusual merit, called "Morning on Cape Elizabeth," for J. Lorimer Graham, Jr. Cape Elizabeth is near Portland, Maine. The sun is seen struggling through a fog-bank, and the delicacy and brilliancy, and at the same time naturalness, with which this difficult subject is managed, constitute the charm and novelty of the piece. The sun is not hidden, but simply obscured. His shape and outline are there, but so tempered that the eye can rest upon him, but not without being dazzled, while above and behind the mist his clear light shows a sky of a blue-

green tint of great clearness and beauty. Below is the cape, an irregular line of rocks jutting into crags and peaks, at the right, and the water of the ocean.

Gignoux has just finished an autumn scene of great brilliancy and richness. It is called "The First Snow." The storm is over, and a clearer sky than is there shown was perhaps never put on canvas. At the right is a slight eminence covered with small trees, with a little cottage embowered among them. The leaves have not fallen, but have been changed by the first frosts into that gorgeous display and contrast of color only to be seen, it is said, in our American landscapes. Below this is a clean sketch of snow, relieved by two or three figures, and to the left a mixed wood and water scene, with hills in the distance.

Whittredge is just applying the last touches to his "Lake of Albano," painted for W. S. Caldwell, of Louisville, Kentucky. It is a pleasant Italian landscape, skilfully wrought out. To the left, on a steep bluff, is the frowning Castle of Gandolpho, a favorite resort of the popes of Rome during the summer months. At the foot of this steep is a rude sheep-fold; and a drove of gray buffalo are winding their way up a narrow footpath to the height above. To the right is the lake, a sheet of blue water occupying the crater, as the geological formation indicates, of an extinct volcano. The near bank is relieved with a shepherd's hut and goats, and in the distance is seen portions of the campagna.

This gentleman's larger and more elaborate work the "Lago Maggiore," also just completed, and highly praised by those who saw it, has just been forwarded to its place of destination, Cincinnati.

A photograph has recently been issued of Mr. R. M. Staigg's charming picture—"The Little Street-Sweeper." A bare-footed little girl is represented standing on the crossing, with her broom in one hand and extending the other for the reward of her services to the passers-by. The look of childish *naïveté* in her appealing eyes is dashed with a premature pensiveness which is quite touching. In other respects, also, the simplicity and truth to nature, apparent in the design make this among the best productions of the artist's genius.—*New York Evening Post.*

LORD BROUGHAM, after his inauguration at Edinburgh as Chancellor of the University, proceeded to Paris, where he has been spending a few days during the Whitsuntide recess. His lordship's late inaugural address at the Univer-

sity of Edinburgh has appeared of such high literary merit to the French *savans*, that an eminent professor at one of the French colleges is about to bring out a French translation of it.